

THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1920



Reedy's **MIRROR**

He Keeps Us Out of Peace
The Inter-Church Movement
To What Did Germany Yield?
Are Prices Coming Down?
England's Silent Revolution
Politics in Old Missouri

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An extravagantly light production edited by Paul Nash. There are some frivolous verses by Sieveking, some primitive drawings by John Nash, with an introduction to the verses by G. K. Chesterton and an introduction to the drawings by Max Beerbohm, and a word about all by Cecil Palmer, the whole with satirical bent.

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BOLSHEVISM AT WORK by William T. Goode. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

Studies of the actual working of the government in Soviet Russia by the special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in eastern Europe. It shows measures adopted and results attained in industry, land, labor, food control, education, trade unions, health, the judicial system and national control. There is also a description of the Bolshevik schools for training workers in the soviets and interviews with Lenin and other Bolshevik leaders. A book for the thoughtful student.

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TO WALK WITH GOD by Anne W. Lane and Harriet Blaine Beale. New York: Dodd Mead & Co.

An experience in automatic writing.



Vitreous

Only a few days ago a returned soldier went into a dentist's office to get a tooth extracted. He wore a D. S. medal, but the thought of having a tooth pulled was more than he could stand and he demanded gas. The dentist waited in a fever of impatience for the soldier to "go under," but the latter was nervous and insisted on keeping one eye open even though he had taken enough gas to float a balloon. Finally the dentist cried: "Let yourself go. Close that eye, you idiot." Somewhere from the back blocks of dreamland the patient murmured sleepily. "Can't. It's glass."



Up On Color

"Not all the poets," observed a frequenter of cosmopolitan society, "have the gift of uttering quick, light-winged, magical nothings in society. I knew of a poet, greatly in vogue in Paris some years ago, who was not exactly a fluent dispenser of epigram. He was invited to the house of a great lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, and as soon as he entered he became the centre of a circle of admirers, who waited vainly for some subtle or poetic conceit. The poet remained silent, ill at ease, red in the face, and uneasy of feet. 'Come, my dear poet,' the hostess finally begged, 'say something to us!' 'Have you observed, duchess,' he faltered, desperately, 'this—this—year's pawn-tickets are pink?'



The Old Man

Chairman Good of the House Appropriation Committee, who is investigating the high cost of living, said to a Washington correspondent: "The H. C. L. is responsible for many vagaries and queer complications. A young chap who had got engaged to a girl was talking over the future with her. 'With prices what they are,' the girl said, 'we must be content, George, dear, with a small flat and one, or at the most, two servants.' George coughed. 'It's my idea,' he said, 'to live with your old man for the first couple of years.' 'But, George —' 'That's my idea,' he interrupted. 'Think of the money we can save. No rent, no light, no grub bills, no coal' 'But —' 'I insist on this thing,' George interrupted again. 'I tell you, I —' Then the door opened and the girl's father entered the room. 'Children,' he said tenderly, 'I have decided that when you get married I'll come and live with you for the rest of my life.'

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Taking as his text a couplet from Corridon's songs from the "Compleat Angler"—"Our clothing is good sheepskin, Grey russet for our wives"—the author carries on in a delectable fashion the exquisiteness in writing that characterized "The Open Window." The story begins with the buying of the old farm and continues with the experiences of the amateur householder. Illustrated throughout with marginal drawings by Emile Verpillieux.

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Although much in the limelight Mrs. Gladstone was very little known outside of England. This volume by her daughter reveals her as an accomplished and attractive figure of a brilliant circle. Somewhat fragmentary it is composed of glimpses of her childhood and youth, girlhood and marriage; extracts from her diary during the early years of her married life; letters to and from her; her characteristics and good works. Illustrated with reproductions of many paintings and photographs. Indexed.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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He Keeps Us Out of Peace

By William Marion Reedy

PRESIDENT WILSON says that the issue in the political campaign this year is the treaty as he brought it from Paris, or nothing. This is madness of egoism, no less. He says his party must unqualifiedly condemn the Lodge reservations "as utterly inconsistent with the nation's honor and destructive of the world leadership it had established."

That is, his party must stand by him and his leadership. It must insist that the concurrent power of the Senate in treaty-making shall be repudiated, ignored. He must be set above the Constitution and the law. The party must back him up, even though twenty-three of its senatorial representatives have voted to ratify the treaty with the Lodge reservations. But it is suggested the President may accept other reservations vaguely hinted at. How can that be, for in his opinion, as indicated by his conduct, any reservation must whittle down or weaken the instrument?

His party, to a large extent, the press and the people are against the President. They want a league of nations, but not the league which he alone in all the world declares to be as perfect as if plenarily inspired by Almighty God. He hands it to us with thunders as if it were given to him from another Sinai. He asks men of honor and patriotic devotion as fine and high and deep as his own to stultify themselves in supporting that which their conscience forbids them to support. It is impossible.

The President is less representative of popular opinion than the present Senate, most of whose members are there by a later mandate than the one which placed him where he is, and which he so egregiously interprets as giving him *carte blanche* to reconstruct the world. This Senate will not swallow his treaty whole. And there is no human possibility that the coming election will change the Senate's political aspect to such an extent as to assure the ratification of the treaty without reservations.

Mr. Bryan is right. The President "has been denied information essential to sound judgment and safe leadership." He is immersed in concentrated self-contemplation of his own half-divine excellences, like the Grand Lama of Thibet. He sets himself above the nation's organic law and puts his veto upon the principle of majority rule. He is the supreme nullifier of the constitutional right and duty of the co-ordinate Senate. As Mr. Bryan says: "Whether the Senate acted wisely or unwisely in the adoption of the reservations, it acted upon a constitutional authority as complete as the authority which the same constitution confers upon the President, and indorsed reservations by a majority of eighteen. The fifty-seven Senators—thirty-four Republicans and twenty-three Democrats, who agreed upon reservations, constituted more than two-thirds of the seventy-seven Senators who favored ratification but differed upon reservations." Moreover the President will not

accept what Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and all the other nations find acceptable.

"The United States—it is I," says the President, but to this sentiment no sane citizen of the United States subscribes "Amen." He pockets the treaty and leaves the world blindly fumbling for a peace of order, while anarchy seethes beneath the social surface and starvation stalks above. So it is Woodrow Wilson "breaks the heart of the world," with his stand for no peace but his own.

There is but one way by which Mr. Wilson can make his party and the people generally indorse him at the coming election, and that is by telling us what reservations, offered, let us say, by Democratic Senators, he would accept. For the people will not accept his sacred text, and that's flat fact. Only by showing what reservations, other than Mr. Lodge's, he would approve can he make the league an issue.

The President, truth to tell, has lost sight of the League of Nations in his rapt, colossal autolatry. He is as much more important than the league, as he is than the Senate. For the league is the thing, and not the Wilsonian prestige. He fails to see, as Clark McAdams so pithily puts it, that for the nations to get together is more important than the covenant upon which they get together. What the world wants is peace, and this getting together of the nations for peace is the one obviously sure, best way to secure it. A league in being is more important than its constitution, for a league purposing peace will mould its covenant to that end.

Thus it is the world has a League of Nations now, all imperfect as it is, and it is working out of its original antinomies of constitution fairly well, all things considered. Its anachronisms and negations of its professed principles are being triturated away in operation. Its worst remaining weakness is that the United States remains out of it. And it is Woodrow Wilson who keeps us out of it, who prevents the injection into its proceedings of those very idealisms he so eloquently voiced and still voices. He has forgot his and his country's cause, because he cannot forget himself. How can he hope that the people of this country will be with him when he keeps them from the realization of their desire? The only thing between this country and the world and a league of nations for world peace is—Woodrow Wilson.

The President should re-submit the treaty to the Senate and recognize and accept its reservations because the Senate represents the people and it is, within its functions, as much a part of the treaty-making power as himself. Throwing the treaty into the presidential campaign can only mean its defeat, for the next Senate cannot be won to the Wilsonian pact. The world wants the league. It is suffering just now chiefly from too much Wilson, or whoever it is or they are who are now functioning in his stead in the White House.

The Inter-Church Movement

By William Marion Reedy

THREE'S something portentous in the Interchurch Movement's mighty drive for a fund of \$400,000,000. Little less than terrifying is the thought of religion organized on such a financial basis and engineered by efficiency experts working to their ends with a mathematical precision. No one doubts that it would be a good thing for the country to have religion more thoroughly disseminated than it is in vast regions lacking not only that, but other civilizing influences. It were well, too, if there were better paid and better equipped preachers of religion in various benighted parts. The decay of religion, as portrayed by the evangelists of the Interchurch Movement, is impressively depressing. The dilapidated, poorly attended churches, with only an occasionally visiting preacher and with no organized co-operation for effort along religious lines for social development, represent a vast failure. Such religion as exists in many places must be terribly stagnant or degenerated into something very like superstition.

All this the Interchurch Movement has mapped out for us, and it proposes to raise \$400,000,000 to make these religiously desert places blossom as the rose. Very well, but—Four hundred millions wielded by persons who are bent on putting supreme efficiency into a religious movement, may be a dangerous thing. It will be a stupendous power, without any limitations upon its use for other than strictly religious purposes. We read that this organization contemplates a certain work for Americanization, and that, too, is not reprehensible, except that we know that, to certain efficiency-mad minds, "Americanization" means the forcing upon the people of a certain mechanized and standardized conformity of opinion upon various matters which are not, strictly speaking, religious in their nature. Such a machinery as that of the Interchurch Movement may be directed to ends which mean a stringent restriction of the free play of the individual conscience. The possibility of its being managed so as to coerce people into orthodoxies political and economic is not so remote as people may imagine. Where power exists, the tendency of those who possess it is to use it, and to use it for the dissemination and enforcement of theories of government and society as being distinctively Christian because they support the predominance of the people who possess the power. I haven't the least doubt that young Mr. Rockefeller believes that the polity and comity of Standard Oil as an institution are thoroughly Christian in all their parts. The Interchurch Movement seems to be in process of organization much as Standard Oil is organized, for taking up slack here, for saving there, for concentration everywhere. In another aspect this movement reminds one of nothing so much as those plans we have read about as formed in the naval and military offices of great nations for scientific assault upon and invasion of other nations. With \$400,000,000 in its treasury the Interchurch Movement, directed by business genius to ostensibly religious ends, can only too easily overstep the boundaries between religious and political affairs, and begin to function in a concerted shaping of the popular mind into conformity with certain notions that proclaim this the best of all possible worlds because it

has been so good to some few people who have possession of about everything worth having. The Interchurch Movement gives no sign whatever of encouraging any thinking that will tend to disturb the *status quo*, so satisfactory to the most conspicuous beneficiaries of that status quo. A prodigiously financed church movement may start out with a will to the greater honor and glory of God, but then, too, it may come to have an unwholesome veneration for all social institutions and instrumentalities that have ministered to the success of the persons who do the financing and direct the expenditures.

One cannot help recalling that of late years some of the forces now leading in the Interchurch Movement were extremely active in the development of the Anti-Saloon League that has so enormously expressed itself in and impressed itself upon our politics, to, as I think, the greater depravation of politics and narrowing of the popular mentality and a parching of the popular spirit. Who can be blamed for fearing that here is another huge machine being constructed to carve or compress us into some pattern of citizen in which individuality shall be utterly extirpated? Thirty denominations pay for the effective advertisements of the Interchurch Movement. Do they surrender each their denominational sovereignty in this great league? They do not. Then the suspicion is natural that their financiers may be establishing a solidarity among them upon issues apart from cultural or creedal points. There is a prospect that the completest harmonization proposed is upon the attitude of all the denominations towards proposals of social or economic change.

This must be where the Interchurch Movement is to become that "great stabilizing influence in our national life," as I have seen it described somewhere. Four hundred million dollars constitute a great stabilizer in the hands of men who know how to use the money. What a tremendous silencer this sum can become on our present discontents! What a mighty wet blanket it can weave for the extinguishment of all the little social and economic heresies, which now threaten to become big ones! How deftly it may be used to establish a system of education that will result in all Americans thinking the same things in the same way as directed by those in authority, even as the German people were made to think before the war! Once get prodigious wealth mixed up with a superheated religion and working together, and how long will it be until we find the religion serving the wealth or its possessors, instead of the wealth serving the religion? The apostles and disciples didn't have \$400,000,000, as I recollect, when they started out to teach all nations, yet they did a fairly good job of it. The poverty stricken church has always done the best work. The more wealth that churches get, the worse it is for religion, if I read history aright. The Fuggers once underwrote vast religious undertakings and eventually destroyed or at least sadly damaged the prestige of the church. One cannot contemplate the proposed marriage of great wealth with religious organization without wishing to interpose impediment. One fears that religion so bound cannot simultaneously serve God and Mammon. It were well, of course, if everyone had more wealth and more religion too, though we know that the

two, as a rule, go ill together. When we think of what colossal concentration of wealth has done to the world in late years and to the masses of men and their institutions and activities, it is impossible to regard with serene equanimity the prospective alliance between Plutus and Psyche.

Religion may be in a bad way, but wealth is not what it needs for its revivification. And materialist efficiency doesn't seem to be the thing to promote spiritualization on any large scale. We can buy better church buildings and maybe better preachers with \$400,000,000, but we can't buy true religion with it. And there's only too good a chance that \$400,000,000 can be used to deflect religion from the service of both God and man into servitude to the consolidated vested interests that ride so cruelly the masses of the people. A \$400,000,000 movement to "set the church on its feet," if we know anything of what wealth does when it gets together, is likely to set the feet of wealth upon our necks and induce in us a spirit of submission to such subjection.

When wealth and efficiency take charge of religion they will have a tendency to take the soul out of it. It is this tendency that is so alarming. "Taking over" religion as if it were a factory! Organizing it from the top down, rather than building it from the ground up! It is the exact opposite to the democratization of religion and its tendency is to extend the anti-democratizing influence into domains of effort necessarily penetrated by the influence of such religion as may exist. A church merger is by many thought desirable, but not a merger with Wall street frills, run on a card-index, punch-the-clock, tracer, cost accounting system, as the Interchurch Movement conspectus indicates. We cannot stop the drive, but we should watch the tendency it illustrates and be prepared to check it before it eventuates into a religion of wealth rather than a wealth of religion. The press has been largely clogged against us by wealth. We don't want the church fixed, too, for the folk in the House of Have. "For they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition."

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Too Much Taxes Did It

ST. LOUISANS voted, Tuesday, on a \$24,000,000 bond issue for a program of public improvements. There were eighteen separate items voted on. The people said "Yes" to five of them.

The voters approved items for a larger and motorized fire department, a modernized lighting system, the abolition of grade crossings, the establishment of a municipal farm for the reclamation of delinquents, in place of an antiquated workhouse, and for a more comprehensive scheme of street improvements. All these are to cost \$3,750,000.

They disapproved the \$9,000,000 proposal to cover up and canalize the open sewer, the River des Peres, running through a part of the city, a \$2,575,000 expenditure on sewers, \$1,700,000 on municipal docks, an equal amount for an eastern approach to the municipal bridge, \$1,250,000 for widening streets and \$1,385,000 for new parks, and some other items.

There is not time to analyze the discrimination shown by the people, but it seems at first glance that they voted for the things they most felt the need of. Maybe some concentrated voting by those controlled by special interests

knocked out the bridge approach and dock proposals.

The result is disappointing, coming atop of the city's slump from fourth place in the list of cities in the census returns. The whole program was needed. All the leading politicians, all the press, all the larger civic organizations, all the preachers were for it. *Hoi polloi* was against the greater part of it. My guess is that war-taxation and the high cost of living explains the moral slump in civic pride. Still, why grieve? Chicago defeated a larger bond issue for similar purposes a few weeks ago. The people are overburdened: that's all. Let's try again, later.

♦♦

The Bonus Blocked

THE Praetorian guard hasn't got us—yet. Republican members of the House Ways and Means Committee definitely decided on Monday to abandon the proposed one per cent tax on retail sales for raising part of the money for the soldiers' bonus. This is good news. But even better news is that which declares that City Post of the American Legion, New York City, urges a nation-wide movement against the bonus bill. Coupled with this was a perfectly reasonable demand that adequate provision be made for the care of the disabled ex-service men and the dependents of the dead. Addressing the meeting, Senator King of Utah declared that a small number, representing "less than ten per cent of the former service people are trying to terrorize the politicians." These "terrorists," we may be sure, will not let up in their campaign. The bonus movement will not die easily. It invites the demagogues. I would say again that the one sure way to stop the bonus raid upon the treasury is for the government to do something to curb the profiteers and reduce the high cost of living. The bonus raid is nothing to the one carried on by the patriots who stayed at home while the soldiers were fighting abroad. Show the soldiers that they didn't fight for the rent, food, shoe and clothing grafters and the percentage of terrorists will drop from ten to one-tenth. Give the country and free opportunity back to the common people and the bonus project will be killed, but it cannot be done otherwise.

♦♦

A Palsied Government

HAS this government of ours ceased to function? It has, in everything except the oppression of conscientious objectors, the raids upon and persecution of political heretics who want true democracy. What is being done to reduce taxes or prices? Nothing. There is much talking, to no effect. What is being done to cut down government expenses? Nothing that is at all adequate to the necessities of the situation. Everything seems to wait upon the President who seemingly functions officially only spasmodically and perfunctorily. Wierd stories from Washington tell us that the government is Mrs. Wilson and even Tumulty is "an outsider." The Cabinet marks time, individually and collectively. The railroad labor troubles are hung up indefinitely. The post office, as a service, is in an advanced stage of decomposition. The treasury is rumblingly flatulent with money issues that are inflated almost to the fiat-money stage. The motto of the government is, "Nothing Doing." We have not yet been able to get out of a state of war, technically, and the kind of peace we have is more painful to most people than the war was. The President's party is playing politics exclusively. The opposition is not doing much better at that, if as well. The people are in a fair way to become disgusted with the government. They begin to suspect it is breaking down. This is a bad condition.

What will come out of it we do not know, though we may fear much. Have we a governmental head? Judging from the latest Presidential letter about the League of Nations, I should say that if we have, that head is not the Woodrow Wilson of old, if it be Woodrow Wilson at all. What the government seems to need is a receiver.

♦♦

Johnson's Tactics

I SHOULD like Mr. Hiram Johnson much better as a Presidential candidate and as a man if he were not so rampageously ready with his charges of venality and corruption against all his competitors. There's something incredibly cheap in his specializing in that sort of thing. Nor does the California aspirant-in-chief increase anyone's respect for him when he begins to dodge and wobble in his attitude towards the League of Nations. He says he is not against any kind of a league, but only against the English league, which is Wilson's. But he has never been in favor of such a league as his own political associates, headed by Senator Lodge, are willing to approve. He has proposed no league of his own. He is opposed to all reservations as to the President's league. He has not the two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage of Senators Reed and Borah or of Senator Knox. The country has all along understood him to be a no-league man, and has to an extent admired him for it, but now, prodded by Mr. Hoover, he denies that position and at the same time accuses the Republican reservationists, as well as President Wilson, of favoring an English league. What is Senator Johnson's position, affirmatively, constructively, as to the peace treaty? His answer is that all the men who are running against him for the Republican nomination are in effect trying to corrupt the electorate against him. Is he a victim of the delusion of persecution? It must be costing somebody something for Johnson to run for the nomination. What assurance have we that only money spent for him is untainted? I am not defending Gen. Wood, Governor Lowden or Mr. Hoover or their campaign managers. All I say is that Senator Johnson suffers a declension in dignity when he develops so conspicuously as a mud-slinger at his rivals. And at the very least he is disclosing a broad, deep streak of disingenuousness, when he says that he is not opposed to a league of nations. We had thought Senator Johnson was more of an out-and-outer than that.

♦♦

Miss Hurst's Marriage

MISS FANNIE HURST's marriage seems to worry a lot of people more than it does her or her husband, Mr. Danielson. It is not an essential to the marriage contract that the parties thereto should live in the same house. Everybody agrees that a little separation now and then is good for a married pair; why wouldn't a little more be better? What is there immoral or scandalous in two people making a small experiment in the marriage relation, when that experiment involves nothing more than an agreement to occupy separate apartments? There is nothing in it violative of the marriage bond. Miss Hurst and Mr. Danielson say they are happy, and they ought to know. They are not breaking any law of church or state. Nor are they violating any social law. They are both getting good advertising out of the discussion occasioned by the revelation of their marriage and its conditions. Miss Hurst is a very charming and perfectly correct person, and Mr. Danielson is much of the same. They are wife and husband—and friends. And how they achieve this, or why they take a certain course to accomplish it, is nobody's

business but their own. What concerns us, the public, is Miss Hurst as a brilliant fictionist a graduate *cum laude* of the MIRROR School of Literature, and Mr. Danielson, the accomplished musician. It is none the less pleasant to know that their mis-called trial marriage is no trial at all to them, but an enjoyable, successful arrangement for the avoidance of the fatal possibility of seeing too much of one another. They are thoroughly decent folks, both of them and I hope that the only drawback to their adventure in originality will be the present burden of reading and hearing too much about it from people who know nothing about it. And what bunk there is in the shock so many people profess at the mere thought of trial marriage in a country where divorce and remarriage are so frequent. The most startling thing about Miss Hurst and her husband is their ingenuous honesty. But alas! they are a great grief to the multitudinous following of Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D., that mordant moralist and pervasive purist.

♦♦

Edward Devoy

ANY city might have been proud of such a citizen as Edward Devoy who died in this city Monday morning. Born here and living here all his life he loved the place and put his best self at its service always. A successful man, his generosity prevented his success from attaining a too material evidentiality. In politics he was ever honorably active as in business he was progressive without infatuation for advantage. In the non-glittering social way he was an incarnation of industrious and effective promotion of happy human association. In everything he was intelligent, modest, considerate, helpful and cheerful without the professionalism of optimism. And what a friend! Without capitulation, without effusiveness, without officiousness, without cheapening that sympathetic office. For fifty years he was friend to me and mine, and all his life was but the expression in word and act of manly goodness and the healthy joy thereof. It is a heartache to think of him gone, but it is a continuing blessing to have known him and, through him, the best possibilities of manhood, simple, sincere and gentle and unafeared of anything but being unjust or unkind. Where he has gone the world's best, gone before, must welcome him as a fit fellow in "the bright, busy and eternal day."

♦♦

Are Prices Coming Down?

LAST week I had a reflection to the effect that something is going to happen with reference to present conditions of retarded production and high prices. I find a widely pervasive rumor that "things are coming down." It runs among the women especially who read the department store advertising and are on the watch and wait for bargains. Where they get their hunch I don't know. There are features of the financial and commercial situation that support the rumor. I note somewhat of a flutter among business men due to a restriction of credit by the banks at the instigation of the Federal Reserve organization. There has been a call for reduction of loans and there have been some rather surprising refusals to re-discount the paper of concerns that have been making enormous profits for six years. Intending borrowers are being told they cannot get money for expansions or additions to business that are not essential. The banks are censoring proposals for the enlargement of manufacturing plants and for building generally. This is rather surprising, considering that building is necessary in the first place to supply the housing needs of the country and that the erection of manufacturing

REEDYS MIRROR

plants has been held back for a long time. Shutting down upon building is bad for labor, and what is bad for labor is bad for the circulation of money and indeed for credit generally. It is unfortunate, though inevitable, that there should be an inability of the banks to supply the money-needs of the railroads, but that the banks feel they must deny credit to individually smaller enterprises is disastrous. We have heard the adjurations to forego extravagance, and we know they are wise, but it cannot be wise to tighten credit for slackening production, and, with all possible respect for the bankers, how can they at their green baize tables tell what projects of expansion are essential or non-essential? They are talking mysteriously about the probability of serious trouble about July 1st and it is just that kind of thinking and talking that tends to bring on the trouble the bankers profess to be striving to avert. Such talk puts a check upon buying and diminishes receipts at the stores simultaneously with the cutting down of accommodations in credit. It looks as if the bankers have cold feet without adequate cause.

But that "things are going to come down" there is evidence a plenty. I looked over the "Business World" department of the New York *Times* the other day. There were ten items in it. Every one of them had to do with news of slowing down. Starting off with the statement that the buyers of better grades of silk hosiery have been canceling their tentative orders because of difficulty in financing their business as a result of the declining market for raw silk, the news proceeds to say that grey goods are dragging and prices are easing off quite sharply. Following this is a statement that the increasing sales of women's "underthings" is evidence of a back-to-cotton movement as well as one back to gingham and calico. There's nothing startling, though, in the fact that, in May, overcoats are at a reduction, indicating, however, lower prices next fall, because the people won't buy at full prices. The next item deals with a sentiment among selling agents in favor of shutting down in the garment trade, first because of labor demands, but probably more because of cancellations of orders. Another item deals with the fact that small retailers are carrying too heavy stocks to be active purchasers for some time to come. The next paragraph deals with the elimination of "open" prices and the substitution of definite values. Open prices mean the manufacturers reserving the right to make prices later, upon one ground or another. The last paragraph is most significant of all, for it says that the New York cotton goods trade have recent reports from the West considerably less optimistic than theretofore. Then it proceeds: "Whether the change is due to a general 'strike' of the consumers in that part of the country against the prevailing high prices, or whether it is due to a drawing of the purse-strings by the Western banks is not clearly evident, here. Either reasons would be enough to cause a slump in demand, particularly, for seasonable goods. Should both of them be in effect, the situation is doubly serious. In any event it is more or less generally reasoned here that the time for 'trimming ship' is at hand." As these items indicate the women who do 90 per cent of the buying are striking with some effect against high prices. If they were not, the retailers would not be canceling orders.

Add to all this the news from everywhere that the agriculturists are planting a smaller acreage, and that the season is late, and help almost impossible to get, and transportation shy of labor and reports from all quarters saying, "nobody wants to work" and you get

the physical and psychological conditions which justify the prediction that "something is going to happen." The bankers cramping credit will make it happen sooner, that's all. And then—will labor stand the gaff? Not gracefully or graciously. The kick against high prices is nothing to the one that will be provoked by hard times. Of course, a too loose credit must be tightened up, for it means waste and loss, but the cinch mustn't be tightened till it either kills the business burro or the strap breaks and the load is dumped and damaged. We don't want "things to come down" that way. I think the first, best and easiest thing to do to ease the situation is to reduce taxation or, better, to shift its incidence from industry and production to privilege, whence it cannot be passed on to "the ultimate consumer." But government won't attempt that, because privilege is too strong in government and it gets its best rake-off from a combination of high taxes and depreciated money. For the rest, we've had our jag and we cannot escape the *Katzenjammer* sequel.

♦♦

Deep Dyed Protectionism

OUR dye-makers are out for protection against the dye industry of paralyzed Germany. They have sent word to Senator Moses, as a friend and supporter of General Wood, that if he doesn't cease his opposition to their plans for a dye monopoly, they may have to use their influence against the nomination and election of the General. The protectionists won't give up their control of the Republican Party. They bought it into office for more than a generation. Now they say if they can't have their way they will stop putting up as of old, except to beat those who oppose them. What the country most needs is protection from protectionists, all of whom are, in the nature of the case, profiteers of the first water. Only the landlords beat 'em.

♦♦

William Dean Howells

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, venerable and beloved above all other American authors, is dead. In his vast work he proclaimed the American worthy, with all his faults, of the favor of the high gods. His intent, somewhat satirical, impressed but never seared. He presented character searchingly, without probing the fouler depths, the ultimate meannesses. His hand was gentle, but sure, in his surgeries and he was more prone to pity than to despise the humans whose frailties he had to condemn. There was gracefulness in his ethics as in his wonderful, clear style, and his dramatic sense was deliciously felicitous. Howells was one realist who kept his realism clean as well as keen and made it serve a spiritual idealism of sympathy for all souls in trouble.⁹ He discovered nuances in American life unsuspected by others and revealed charms lurking in its crudities. He had a steady, bright, pure power of delineation and could effectively suggest abysses beneath his delicately described superficies. One thinks better of human nature after reading Howells. And, after all, I suppose the best in Howells' literature, in all its forms, was Howells himself, so sane, so wise, so cultured, so penetratingly percipient and yet so inveterately kind. Vastly lovable he was as author and as man. At news of his death, tears came to eyes that had never looked upon his face. Somehow the thought arises of Lincoln. For like him, Howells had come to stand in the consciousness of most of us as a benign, tender father and friend, understanding all, but loyal to the best behind appearances even of

the worst. And light perpetual shall shine upon his works as it shall gleam and glow from his memory.

♦♦

England's Silent Revolution

"A SILENT Revolution in England" is the title of an article by A. Hilliard Atteridge in a recent issue of that excellent Catholic weekly, *America*. He traces the record of the revolution in question in advertisements in London papers offering for sale historic estates, country houses, groups of farms, deer forests and the like. Town and city properties belonging to the old families are also offered for sale. Recently there was one full page, closely printed, of such ads in the *London Times*. All of which isn't exactly new. This thing began away back in 1909, with Lloyd George's land valuation, windfall taxation budget and it was in full swing when the war broke out in 1914. The British landowner doesn't like land taxes. That explains the revolution in landholding. There are 56,250,000 acres of land in Great Britain. The population in 1911 was 41,250,000, of whom but 1,500,000 were engaged in agriculture, largely because they could not get the land to cultivate. Ten years ago one-seventh of the 37,000,000 acres in England and Wales was owned by 400 peers and peeresses: 8,500,000 acres were held by some 1,300 owners of large estates, and 4,250,000 acres in holdings averaging about 1,600 acres each were the property of some 2,600 country gentlemen. Thus about half the land of England and Wales was owned by a group of some 4,300 landlords. More than half of the most valuable land and home property in London belongs to about a score of wealthy landlords. To these the 41,250,000 population pays tribute in taxation, rent and prices, for the occupier pays the tax. Be it remembered, too, that much of this privately held land was originally common lands belonging to the people, filched from them by enclosures acts. The landlords in Commons and Lords made the laws that got them those common lands and drove the cotter and villager into city and village slums. The enclosures acts hurt British manhood more than the industrial revolution. The rage for great game preserves further deracinated the laborer from the soil and mades picturesque wastes in valleys and glens of Scotland that had yielded whole regiments to fight Napoleon. Cobden saws the land laws as the evil back of the corn laws, and the former continued and continue to operate against the people, after the repeal of the latter. The rent was a heavier burden than the tax on corn, and kept the worker from the land and therefore from production. Mr. Atteridge sees this, if at all, but dimly. It made Great Britain dependent upon foreign food supply and it might have made England the fulfillment of the Apocalyptic prophecy of "Babylon is fallen," if the German U-boat campaign had been more effective than it was.

Now it is proposed that the farmer shall be helped by taxes to keep out food imports. This will burden everybody in the farmers' behalf and will not in the long run help him. The one thing that will help British production is to devolve the land from the possession of the few to the use of the many and that can be done only by the higher taxation of land values, for land may be said to be hardly taxed at all in Great Britain. The landlords see that coming. That and other taxation for war debts are forcing them to sell their land. But they are selling it. It isn't a drug on the market. It commands good prices. The newly rich buy it up greedily, for land connotes something of gentility. The

revolution, then, so far as the facts go, is but a change of landlords, and the new will fatten on the people as did the old. As the land system and the laws stand, the new lords will escape taxation and the many will continue to pay for them. The new landlords do not possess the prestige, the traditional regard of the people for the old ones. The banks see land as a more doubtful security than before, and King George, in his recent speech from the throne was justified in viewing with uneasiness the plight of the landed folk, for that folk is the support of the social system of which royalty is the apex.

Since the war the movement for land nationalization or land value taxation has grown stronger. It gets more support as the people see the absurdity of proposals like the one for a heavy levy on capital or the one for

more protective tariff. The indications are that the people are getting ready to tax the land from under those owners who do not use it, into the possessive use of those who will use it. There is land enough in Great Britain for its 42,000,000 people. The trouble is that the land is owned, and to a great extent unproductively occupied by less than one twentieth of one per cent of the people, the remainder being, as Lloyd George declared in 1909, "aliens in the land of their birth." The cure for this condition is the revolution's first objective. It will do away with aristocracy at once. Taxing the rent of the land into the common treasury will turn the trick and free at one stroke the land, industry and the people. After that there will be little or nothing for socialism to do, or that it should do. With change of names, this story is our own.

I need hardly remind Histor that the "Address to Congress of January 8, 1918," contained the Fourteen Points, that the acceptance of these Fourteen Points with two qualifications meant the unqualified acceptance of all that was not reserved in the two qualifications.

That the President so understood the matter is shown among other things by the statement issued April 23, 1919, at Paris in reference to the Fiume dispute:

"The war was ended, moreover, by proposing to Germany an armistice and peace which should be founded on certain clearly defined principles . . ."

Histor's unfamiliarity with the documents in the case is compounded by a certain confusion of thought. Thus he writes that Germany

"surrendered absolutely and only, 'first last and all the time' to the superior armed force of the Allies and of America guided by the superior military skill of Marshal Foch. To argue anything else is either to falsify or to pervert history for specious purposes."

That is undoubtedly true, but what has it to do with the fact that the Allies and America, victors on the field of battle, solemnly and of their own free will entered into a contract with the vanquished to make peace within certain definite terms and on certain principles? It has nothing to do with it. And further:

"What attention would a victorious Germany have paid to anything even remotely resembling the 'Fourteen Points'?"

She would have paid no attention, of course. But does Histor mean to imply that the victorious Allies stood on the same moral plane as a victorious Germany? To admit that is to discard at one stroke the whole moral superiority of the Allied cause, to degrade our cause to the level of Ludendorff's. If what we did is to be measured by what Germany might have done, if the only difference between the enemy's cause and our cause was "superior armed force" and "superior military skill," then we are delivered into the hands of the Germans, who assert that our whole war idealism was hypocrisy.

I am amazed that Histor should have walked into that trap, that he should adopt the Prussian philosophy against which he fought, and that on that premise he should have the courage to call the Keynes book German propaganda. Histor's fundamental argument is the thesis of the German propaganda.

WALTER LIPPmann

A Biddy's Progress

By Sophia Hubman

IT was in the year 1895 that I was transformed from a mere human being into a school-teacher; at least that was the way it appeared to my unsophisticated enthusiasm, at the time. I hoped for great things, both for myself and the artless youth I was to instruct. Today I am—well, I find I still have that woman's shyness about telling my real age; but, at any rate, I am looking down into the dim valley from the other side of the hill. As for success, I have reached the super-pinnacle of my dreams. I am connected at last with one of those genteelly pauperized institutions known as a State University.

A man's success, according to the worldly-minded, is generally reckoned in dollars and cents; the teacher's has, for centuries, been measured chiefly by the size of the halo awarded her in heaven, and that halo grew in proportion as she was self-sacrificing, and refrained from molesting the busy politician who had to curry favor, or the tired business man who could not afford to pay more taxes. The teacher was to be unobtrusive, inexpensive, and unostentatious to the point of shabbiness. The last-mentioned characteristic was granted her with an indulgent smile—poor thing—as I once heard a gentleman express himself at the card-table, in a strenuous effort to characterize some personage: "She was plain, very plain, shabbily dressed, in fact, like a—well, like a school-teacher."

(Continued on page 396)

DISCUSSION of Keynes' book "Economic Consequences of the Peace," continues vigorously. Our contributor "Histor," who wrote so slashingly, in the issue of April 22nd in demonstration of the thesis that Keynes' book is "German propaganda," is now taken severely to task by Mr. Walter Lippmann, one of the editors of the *New Republic*, who had pretty close personal connection with the fourteen points from their beginning to the time they were formulated in the armistice—indeed it was said at one time that he was the author or inspirer of Wilsonian policy from the war's outbreak, and it is well known that he worked with Col. House in Europe in preparing the case for this country's contention in the negotiations at Paris. For my own part, I agree rather with Keynes than with Histor, though I think that Mr. Keynes' admission, in letters to Prof. Allyn A. Young, of Cornell, that he had heightened the colors in which he so unfavorably depicted President Wilson's helplessness at Paris, in order to work up British sentiment for revision of the treaty, detracts mightily from the effectiveness of his plea for the mercy of true justice to Germany. Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, made a more impressive case for both justice and mercy, in his speech in the Senate, delivered before the publication of the Keynes book, condemning the peace, not because it is "Carthaginian" but because it is unenforceable. Senator Knox should know something about that because he has some knowledge of international affairs, gained from his experience as Secretary of State.

For Histor there is this to be said: that Germany's claims to have surrendered to the fourteen points and in fear of a revolution behind the lines, rather than to superior armed force and upon the verge of utter military collapse, are unsupported by all we have learned of the conditions in the German army at the time the request was made for a cessation of hostilities "in the name of Humanity." Moreover, anyone who has read "Ludendorff's Own Story," and especially the section devoted to "The Last Phase, Summer and Autumn, 1918," will feel that there is something to be said for Histor's view. The section begins: "August 8th was the black day of the German Army in the history of the war." He proceeds to say that on August 13th he told a conference at Spa that "it was no longer possible by an offensive to force the enemy to sue for peace." Late in September he understood now that a successful issue was impos-

sible and "saw the approach of the disaster which it had been my life's work to prevent." On October 3d General Headquarters held to the demand made by it on September 29th for an immediate offer of peace to the enemy, "because of the collapse of the Macedonian front, and the weakening of reserves in the west, and in view of the impossibility of making good the very heavy losses of the last few days"; there was now "no possibility, in the best of human judgment of winning peace from our enemies by force of arms. The only right course is to give up the fight." And so on—"signed, Von Hindenburg." Further: On November 9th, "Germany, lacking any firm hand, bereft of all will, robbed of her princes, collapsed like a house of cards." Soldiers' councils were forming on the western front, etc. Ludendorff doesn't think Germany surrendered to the fourteen points, except, possibly, in so far as the fourteen points made the revolution behind the army.

But here is Mr. Walter Lippmann's letter:

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Histor asserts that "Mr. Keynes begins . . . with a false premise," namely that the armistice was based on the so-called Fourteen Points. Histor, not Keynes, is mistaken. The documents sustain this assertion beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The salient facts are these. The negotiations for an armistice were opened by Prince Max of Baden in a note to President Wilson at the beginning of October. There followed an exchange of notes between the President and the German Government. This exchange of notes was followed by conferences at the end of October, participated in by Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando, House and others. The result of the conferences was a memorandum by the European allies which the President transmitted to the German government with a covering note authorizing the Germans to secure from Marshal Foch the terms of the armistice. This memorandum which is an integral part of the final note to Germany contains the following statement:

"Subject to the qualifications which follow they (i. e. the Allied Governments) declare their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on the terms laid down in the President's address to Congress of January 8, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in the subsequent addresses."

The first qualifications concerned Point II in regard to "freedom of the seas," and the second the matter of reparation: "By it they (i. e., the Allied Governments) understand that compensation will be made by Germany for all damage done to the civilians of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea and from the air."

Mrs. Lionel Felker--Accompanist

By Margretta Scott

UPON the door, printed on a black background in white letters, was "Professor Lionel Felker's Select Dancing Academy for Ladies and Gentlemen." That sign was engraved deep in the heart of Mrs. Lionel Felker. When her husband had been assistant dancing teacher at The Utopia and she the accompanist, they had dreamed of a sign like that. Between the dances Mr. Felker would stroll over to the piano, and they would discuss the glory of it.

Now, in spite of that sign come true, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Felker was sitting at their piano, in their rented hall, that before her was the shining hardwood floor, the artificial flowers strung in garlands from the ceiling, and the provocative red lamp shades which she had herself made—in spite of all these things Mrs. Felker sighed deeply and tremblingly. For, she thought, what was the use of everything being like they had planned, if Mr. Felker wasn't like what she had planned.

She was used to his moods and she was proud of them. She was convinced that he was a great artist, and as all great artists had moods, he should have them. She was just common and ordinary, therefore she didn't have them. When he was irritable she cooked him fried potatoes for dinner or bought him a fancy shirt, but now nothing made him happy. Mrs. Felker blinked the tears away from her eyes and looked at the red lamp shades of which he had been so proud.

But not even the kindly lights glimmering through them could help her; they could not even throw a glamour over her physical self. Mrs. Felker, if described by a small boy, would be termed skinny; even a gentleman of the old school would have called her extremely thin. Her shoulders stooped and her mild gray eyes shone through thick-lensed glasses.

Mrs. Felker had never tried to improve her looks. Upon being asked by a dear friend why she didn't fix her hair kind of soft and fluffy, she had replied that she was as plain as an old shoestring—there was no use denying it, and it was just the grace of God that made "him" marry her. The "him" referring to Mr. Felker—

It was Mr. Felker who had the beauty of the family. He was tall and of the slender build that befitted all dancing teachers. His hair, black and wavy, arose from his white forehead in an imposing pompadour, and his blue eyes with their black brows made many a successful drive into the hearts of his young lady pupils.

Mrs. Felker got up from the piano stool, disappeared into the "Ladies' Room," and came back with a dust-cloth, which she applied carefully to some sheets of music on the music stand. Mr. Felker came in and watched her.

"You're always dusting."

His wife looked at him, smiling.

"Sure I am, this is too swell a place to let run down. When we were at The Utopia I never saw such dusty music as they had. They were much for fancy looks, but they weren't much for cleaning."

Mr. Felker ran his fingers up and down his pleated shirt front.

"The pupils don't notice things like dust—but they notice the flowers and red lights."

Mrs. Felker straightened the little mirror above the piano.

"Rose Schnell told me last Friday night that this was the swellest place she'd ever been in, and she's a swell girl."

Mr. Felker walked over to the window and straightened the shade.

"She said that, did she?"

The door opened and three girls came in followed by a delegation of young men smelling strongly of

tobacco and carrying their dancing pumps under their arms.

Gradually the class assembled. Mr. Felker stood in the middle of the room and clapped his hands.

"Please form a line."

There was a scraping of chairs and a sliding of feet. Mr. Felker raised one foot, the toe pointing downwards, lowered it, danced two steps, and glided gracefully amidst an oppressive silence. There was a little sigh of relief, and one girl asked audibly of another whether she thought she could do it. Mr. Felker nodded to his wife and repeated the steps in time to the music. The line attempted to do likewise.

Again Mr. Felker clapped his hands.

"Get your partners for the one-step."

Before the music started, the young men wiped their hands with their handkerchiefs. Mr. Felker walked slowly over to Rose Schnell, who, when she saw him coming, patted her hair and rose to her feet, waiting.

She put her small warm hand into his, and he encircled her waist with his right arm. They danced, the music beating into their ears. Rose Schnell laughed and pressed her body closer to his.

"It's heaven to dance with you. I was thinking of it all day at the store, fitting gloves, giving the customers the guff, and thinking of when I'd be dancing with you."

He bent his head until his lips were close to hers.

"It was easy money I was thinking of it, too. You're some dancer and some pretty girl. But you oughtn't to be let loose around married guys—you're too—too—"

She lifted her lips to his impudently.

"Put it here."

He gave a little gasp and kissed her quickly. The music stopped. Mr. Felker walked over to the piano, two red spots high on his cheek bones.

"What time is it?"

Mrs. Felker held her Ingersoll watch close to her near-sighted eyes.

"Nine o'clock." She looked at him anxiously. "You're not sick, Lionel? You look feverish."

"No, I'm not sick; it's hot in here. Give them a fox trot."

Rose Schnell danced with a fat young man who gloated over her perspiring. She laughed at him out of her blue eyes and her yellow fluffy hair touched his cheek. Mr. Felker groaned.

After the last member of the class had departed Mrs. Felker closed the piano and collected the sheets of music. Mr. Felker locked the windows, pulled down the shades, and turned out the lights.

In silence they went up the steps to their room which was above the dance hall. Mr. Felker undressed angrily, as though his clothes were his natural enemies, hurling his coat across the room and dropping his shoes heavily on the floor. Mrs. Felker sighed and did her hair into a wistfully thin plait. After donning a high-necked flannel nightgown, she picked up Mr. Felker's coat, opened the window and got into bed.

She lay very still and he lay very still, both painfully conscious of each other and not daring to move. The night watchman struck his club and a woman on the street laughed. A street car thundered by, its light throwing for a second the shadows of fantastically waving trees on the wall in front of Mr. Felker's staring eyes. The hand of the alarm clock on the wash-stand pointed to one.

Mr. Felker got out of bed cautiously, put on a bathrobe, and lit a cigarette. From the darkness came a voice.

"You'd better put on your slippers, Lionel."

Mrs. Felker sat up in bed and looked at the red glow of her husband's cigarette.

"What's the matter, Lionel?"

Mr. Felker groaned.

"Nothing that you can help."

"I've always helped you."

"Yes, but this is different."

"There's nothing could happen to you that I couldn't help."

"What makes you think that?"

"Cause I want to so much—there's nothing I wouldn't do to help you."

"You wouldn't give me another woman, would you?"

The tick of the clock seemed louder, and Mr. Felker's cigarette gleamed redder with each quick-drawn puff. Mrs. Felker shivered and pulled the bed clothes up around her shoulders.

"I'd try—if," her voice broke, and she cleared her throat, "if you wanted her bad enough."

"I want her so bad that I can't sleep for thinking of her."

Mrs. Felker pressed her teeth together to keep them from chattering.

"Who is she?"

"Rose Schnell."

Mrs. Felker had a mental vision of Rose Schnell, of her red smooth cheeks, her fluffy hair, her blue eyes, her pouting lips. She put both hands to her mouth to keep from crying out.

Mr. Felker moved impatiently, waiting. "Well?"

His wife clenched her hands beneath the bed clothes.

"Don't you think you could forget her?"

"I think of her every day and every night—it's worse all the time."

Mrs. Felker's thin body shook.

"I'm not blaming you—but I hate her."

"Why aren't you blaming me?"

"Cause you're an artist—you're different. And she's pretty and she uses her eyes on men. I'm no wife for a man who likes pretty things—I don't blame you."

"I'd rather you'd be mad."

She pushed down the bed clothes.

"Get in bed—you'll take cold sitting there."

In the dark she patted him softly—but protectingly.

Gradually the night noises turned into the noises of the morning. Rumbling wheels and the sharp click of horses' hoofs sounded on the pavement, the steps of the milkman on the walk, the slamming of the side gate, and the rattling of the milk pails. A newsboy called, "Paper, paper," and the sun came in the open window and shone into the red-rimmed eyes of Mrs. Felker.

She got out of bed slowly and painfully, as though she were some sort of a machine which had grown rusty during the night. She put down the window and dressed; then she lit the burner of the coal-oil stove and put on some water to boil. When she turned around Mr. Felker was staring at her. When his eyes met hers he quickly looked away.

The alarm clock went off hideously. Mr. Felker sprang out of bed and throttled into silence. After examining his face in the mirror, he shaved, has hands shaking.

Mrs. Felker set a card table with two cups and saucers, two spoons and two knives and forks. Her husband, fully attired in his gray checked suit, belted in the back, sat down to breakfast. When Mrs. Felker broke his eggs into his cup, which she had done every morning since their marriage, he thanked her for the first time. This formality hurt her—to say, "thank you," just as though she were a stranger—and she gulped back the tears behind her coffee cup.

As soon as Mr. Felker left, his wife got some paper and a pencil, and wrote in a small spidery hand:

"I've planned a way to help. I'm going to leave, and when I'm gone long enough you can sue for a

REEDY'S MIRROR

divorce and marry her. For an accompanist, I think you can get that girl who played at The Utopia before me."

She stuck the note into the mirror above the wash-stand, straightened the room, and made her clothes ready to put into a bundle. Before she tied up the bundle she took one of Mr. Felker's collars, which she made quite sure was worn out, kissed it and put it with her clothes. Then, remembering it was Saturday, she mended Mr. Felker's underwear—mended them so awkwardly and tremblingly that she stuck her finger with the needle and had to wait until it stopped bleeding before she could finish. After she had arranged his things back in the drawer, she put on her black felt sailor and her black coat; then she took down the note and added:

"P. S. Your night shirts are about gone—you need some new ones."

On the way out she lingered in the dance hall and touched the keys of the piano with her fingers. She remembered the night at The Utopia when Mr. Felker had borrowed the ladder from the janitor, and she, with her knees trembling, had climbed to the top step to examine the originals of these same red lamp shades which were now before her.

She ran her skirt over the piano stool to remove the dust. The mirror on the wall reflected her white face and red nose and eyes. The tears ran down her cheeks, and she watched them curiously, making no attempt to wipe them away.

When the front door closed she stood looking at the sign: "Professor Lionel Felker's Select Dancing Academy for Ladies and Gentlemen." She breathed on it and rubbed it with her handkerchief. The street bewildered her, for she didn't know where to go; then she thought of the boarding-house where she used to stay before the grace of God made Lionel marry her.

She was quite startled to find the place just the same: the door-bell was still on the side of the house where door-bells aren't supposed to be, and the same patched curtains were at the window. Mrs. Felker rang the bell, and the landlady opened the door. Although the wind blowing into the hall was cold and damp, the landlady wiped her face with her apron, as though perspiring freely, and fanned herself with a cardboard advertisement of "Schlumber—*the best butcher*—right around the corner."

Upon seeing Mrs. Felker she burst into conversation.

"Well, look who's here! Who'd a'thought to see you back again, and you look real bad—kind of thinner and whiter."

Mrs. Felker stepped into the hall and closed the door. The sight of the red plush sofa in the parlor where Mr. Felker had courted her made her put her handkerchief quickly to her eyes.

"Can you give me a room, Mrs. Finnigan?"

Mrs. Finnigan wiped her face again, and sighed as though from intense heat.

"We're pretty full up, but I got a double room on the third floor back."

"I want a single room."

Mrs. Finnigan propped herself comfortably against the wall.

"A single room is pretty small for two, dearie. I got that single room for five dollars a week on the second floor, but I just got one cot in it."

Mrs. Felker looked at her tormentor; then, for the first time in her life, she lied.

"Mr. Felker's not with me—he's gone to see his mother in Kansas City—she's bad with pneumonia."

Mrs. Finnigan was unpeased.

"I thought you had a room over the dance hall."

"We moved."

Mrs. Felker hurried up the stairs, calling back over her shoulder that she knew the way.

When she got into her room she pulled off her hat and, with her black coat still on, threw herself on the bed, hugging the pillow with her two lonely arms.

At the head of the long narrow table, covered with a soiled white cloth and sprinkled at regular inter-

vals with Heinz's Tomato Catsup and cruets of vinegar, sat Mrs. Finnigan and Mrs. Felker.

A warm breeze wandered through the open window and blew a straight lock of Mrs. Felker's mouse-colored hair across her face. She pushed it back under her black felt sailor, which, considering the warmth of the day, would have been her black straw sailor had she had the courage to go back to Mr. Felker's and claim it from the top shelf of the closet. A few flies adventured over the top of a dish containing hash and were waved away by Mrs. Finnigan's red hand.

"Here it is April and flies already. Does Mr. Felker say it's warm in Kansas City?"

"He hasn't mentioned the weather."

"Is his mother better?"

Mrs. Felker hesitated.

"Yes, she's better."

The salt cellars, which needed filling, took the eyes of Mrs. Finnigan.

"I passed your old place yesterday—and—I thought I seen him. Of course I was mistaken."

Mrs. Felker gasped with a sickening fear.

"Was he alone?"—she stopped suddenly then went on quickly, stammering—"I mean, of course, you couldn't have seen him—he's in Kansas City—with his mother."

Mrs. Finnigan hid a fat smile behind her fat hand.

"Of course it wasn't him. This man what looked like him was with a swell-looking girl."

Mrs. Felker quickly pushed her chair back from the table.

"I'm going for a walk."

"It's a nice day for a walk. I guess if Mr. Felker's mother is better he'll be home pretty soon; then you'll have somebody to walk with." Mrs. Finnigan examined a hole in the table-cloth. "I suppose that when he gets home you'll stop playing at The Utopia and go back to your own place. It certainly was lucky the accompanist was going to leave The Utopia when you asked for that job—you certainly was lucky." Mrs. Finnigan swatted one of the flies. "It must seem like old times—you being back there playing and living here—just like you wasn't married."

Mrs. Felker folded her napkin tremblingly. When she started to leave the room Mrs. Finnigan called after her.

"Things turn out curious, don't they?"

Mrs. Felker walked down the front steps of the house and looked wildly up the street. Her thoughts were tumbling in her brain like acrobats: Mrs. Finnigan knew she was lying and she knew about Rose Schnell. And she had seen him with Rose Schnell in front of the dancing academy. Maybe—she drove her mind desperately to finish the horrible thought—maybe Rose Schnell was living there with him. She turned and walked quickly to the corner of Grand and Olive, where, further down the block, was that wonderful sign telling the world at large that here was "Professor Lionel Felker's Select Dancing Academy for Ladies and Gentlemen." She cast one wild, longing glance at a certain window with its shade up to the top and paused uncertainly; then she hurried on.

The weather was made for happiness, for the girls hanging on to their young men's arms, and for the contented matrons wheeling preambulators in the sunshine. The air with its freshness, its smell of green things growing spoke of anticipation and fulfillment—of some joy to be lived or of some joy being lived, not of hanging on to something that was gone, like a child holding fast to a string when the balloon has blown away.

Mrs. Felker stopped before a haberdasher's shop—his haberdasher's shop—where she had bought him loud ties and louder socks. In the window was a bright pink shirt with a bright pink turned-down collar, and cuffs to match. It was something new—and he always liked novelties. She opened her pocketbook, then closed it with a snap. If she could only buy it for him—and stop remembering.

(Continued on page 397)

Twenty Sonnets

By Edna Vincent Millay

XI.

I THINK I should have loved you presently,
And given in earnest words I flung in jest,
And lifted honest eyes for you to see,
And caught your hand against my cheek and breast;
And all my pretty follies flung aside
That won you to me, and beneath your gaze,
Naked of reticence and shorn of pride,
Spread like a chart my little wicked ways.
I that had been to you, had you remained,
But one more waking from a recurrent dream,
Cherish no less the certain stakes I gained,
And walk your memory's halls austere, supreme,—
A ghost in marble of a girl you knew
Who would have loved you in a day or two.

XII.

WHEN I too long have looked upon your face,
Wherein for me a brightness unobsured
Save by the mists of brightness has its place,
And terrible beauty not to be endured,
I turn away reluctant from your light,
And stand irresolute, a mind undone,
A silly, dazzled thing deprived of sight
From having looked too long upon the sun.
Then is my daily life a narrow room
In which a little while, uncertainly,
Surrounded by impenetrable gloom,
Among familiar things grown strange to me
Making my way, I pause, and feel, and hark,
Till I become accustomed to the dark.

XIII.

AND you as well must die, beloved dust
And all your beauty stand you in no stead;
This flawless, vital hand, this perfect head,
This body of flame and steel, before the gust
Of Death, or under his autumnal frost,
Shall be as any leaf, be no less dead
Than the first leaf that fell,—this wonder fled,
Altered, estranged, disintegrated, lost.
Nor shall my love avail you in your hour,
In spite of all my love you will arise
Upon that day and wander down the air
Obscurely as the unattended flower,
It mattering not how beautiful you were,
Or how beloved above all else that dies.

XIV.

I ONLY know that every hour with you
Is torture to me, and that I would be
From your too poignant lovelinesses free!
Rainbows, green fire, white diamonds, the fierce blue
Of shimmering ice-bergs, and to be shot through
With lightning or a sword incessantly—
Such things have beauty, doubtless; but to me
Mist, shadow, silence—these are lovely, too.
There is no shelter in you anywhere;
Rhythmic intolerable, your burning rays
Trample upon me, withering my breath;
I will be gone, and rid of you, I swear:
To stand upon the peaks of Love always
Proves but that part of Love whose name is Death.

XV.

STILL will I harvest beauty where it grows,—
In colored fungus and the spotted fog
Surprised on foods forgotten, in ditch and bog
Filmed brilliant with irregular rainbows
Of rust and oil, where half a city throws
Its empty tins, and in the spongy log
Whence headlong leaps the oozy, emerald frog . . .
And a black pupil in the green scum shows.
Her the inhabitant of divers places
Surmising at all doors, I push them all;
Oh, you that fearful of a creaking hinge
Turn backward forevermore with craven faces,
I tell you Beauty bears an ultra fringe
Unguessed of you upon her gossamer shawl!

(To be continued)

Missouri Politics

By Dudley Binks

If you ask me who will get Missouri's vote at San Francisco, I'll say McAdoo. If you don't believe me, ask Colin M. Selph, postmaster of St. Louis. If the average Democratic politician doesn't say the same thing, he'll say, "Whoever Wilson wants." That's about the way of it—among the office holders especially. But out in the state there's lots of talk for Palmer. He is for moral living. And didn't he deport the Reds? This moral business is going strong. I asked a prominent up-stater what he thought of Brand Whitlock for President. Gosh, what a jolt I got, thus: "What! That man. Say, did you ever read his pamphlet on 'The Enforcement of Law in Cities?' No? Well, don't. Why, that man says you can't drive the scarlet woman into the river. He implies that she's an economic product, that society as organized is responsible for her. He told this in an open letter to a lot of Toledo preachers. Why, man, he'd never do—he's a "arnachist." Oh well, there's nobody for Whitlock in Missouri but Bill Reedy, and Reedy's a "arnachist" too—or a single taxer, which is the same thing. Maybe Mis-

souri won't know who she wants for think Hi-ram is of good omen. But the Democrats. I don't know what Democratic candidate until Bryan what bothers me is the *Globe-Democrat's* editorial policy—I mean its editorials. I've heard his choice is Meredith, of Iowa. If so, what's he going to say in reply to that article in *REEDY'S MIRROR* that told about Meredith's making a speech at an Armour conference promising co-operation in the work of "conning" the farmer so he wouldn't fight the fellows who were boasting the prices of farm machinery? Meredith runs a farm paper that "farms the farmer"—it's full of ads from the big concerns that have things to sell to the farmer. I don't think Meredith looks good, even if he is Secretary of Agriculture. Why, even Al Smith, Tammany governor of New York, could beat him. I see Kentucky is for Cox, of Ohio, but I don't see Cox and I hear nothing of him from Missouri politicians. Upon the whole, I think McAdoo is the favorite. But I'm not saying that the brush is afire for him.

Missouri Republicans are supposed to be for Lowden, or were, until Johnson cleaned up California. Missourians like to be with the winner. They look more kindly upon Hiram now. Hiram! Don't you recall that was Grant's name? He knew he couldn't get anywhere with it, so he changed it to Ulysses. I don't

Globe-Democrat is of good omen. But the Democrats. I don't know what Johnson can do if the Republican convention declares for a peace treaty with reservations. He wants no League of Nations of any kind. Because he carries a primary, it doesn't follow the state's delegation will be for no League of Nations. I think Johnson is winning because the people like him as the heir of Roosevelt and not because he's opposed to any League of Nations. It's somewhat as with Democrats who favor Wilson but don't particularly care for his League. I don't think Johnson can swing his party to his point of view. There is a chance for a split on the League over the platform, though the Republicans will probably swallow anything rather than take the chance of another split like the Taft-Roosevelt one, which elected Wilson in 1912. The *Globe-Democrat* seems to look for a split that will be healed with Hoover for the poulte. Why, the East is trotting out an anti-any-kind-of-leaguer to counteract Johnson. That is Knox, of Pennsylvania. Big Business will take kindlier to Knox than to Johnson. But if the East is trotting out Knox as a better anti-leaguer than Johnson, where does Hoover come in, seeing he's for the League, with reservations, as are both Wood and Lowden? But it's not up to me to solve this puzzle. I'm only curious about the *Globe-Democrat's* policy. (Let me say the news columns' policy of the *G.-D.* is simply pro-boozie to the point of bug-house.) Evidently it foresees something of a repetition of 1912 in its party and wants to avert it. Democrats are praying for that split, and think they can beat Hoover, if he's chosen as a compromise. Well, just that is the extent to which I think Hoover is a possible nominee.

Speaking of compromise Republican nominees, my tip from Washington is that Lenroot is the man. He is from Wisconsin, and stands well in his party. We will have to keep one eye upon Irvine Luther.

Breckenridge Long has the Democratic senatorial race all to himself thus far. There's nobody else for the boys to go to. Judge Farrington is not in deep enough to wet his coat-tails. He's one of those politically dry, but personally wet, politicians, and from all I can hear, he isn't an engaging orator. He's half-way entered but not started. I begin to doubt that Charles M. Hay will file for the primary. Joplin hit him a lick that has made him walk sideways, when it refused to send him as delegate-at-large to San Francisco. The wets won't have him. The drys used him to defeat Reed, but they are not insisting upon him for senator; at least not for the present. Fact is, that of all the possibilities for senator, Maj. Hawes had most personality, power and manly attractiveness, to say nothing of a strong mind, but the fellows who wanted him to get out and lead the wet fight would not say so in their own bailiwicks. The Major did well to get out of the race and get away from the double-crossers, who wanted him to help them in St. Louis while they were throwing him down in the country. Hawes still holds power over the working Democrats in St. Louis. For what senatorial candidate will he use it? As Long is the only real live

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one in sight, Hawes can't do anything but support him. Ex-Governor Lon V. Stephens, under his *nom de guerre*, A. L. Kanet, seems to think it not likely that Governor Gardner, in spite of his screams of protest, may be sprung as an opponent of Long. This is rather startling, since Fred has said he wouldn't run while holding office, but then again there's nothing to prevent his friends from nominating him by petition and getting him on the ballot. The situation must be a terrible temptation to Gardner. Still, Long has a big long start and Fred's money could not head him off, because Long has plenty of kale, too, from his interest in the paper business, the most profitable business there is in the country right now.

The gubernatorial nomination of the Democrats looks, by golly, as if it is going to be Judge Charlie Mayer, of St. Joseph—that is, for the time being. But in the time coming I think it won't. Mayer's pretty smart, as was shown when he was indorsed by both Reed and anti-Reed men in Jackson county, which includes Kansas City. The Colossus of Rhodes never made a bigger straddle than that. But now I hear that out where the ticks and hicks rhyme with the sticks, the boys are saying they don't want another governor controlled by Norton Jourdan. "Another" is good. Mort is the corporations' handy man in Missouri since old Bill Phelps reformed and then died, after making all the trouble he could for his old employer, the Missouri Pacific. The farmers won't like his candidate. I saw in the papers that Festus J. Wade is supporting Mayer, too. Now Wade is a red-blooded, real feller banker and a good man all right, but he's a peppery person. I remember he went up-state a year or two ago and made a speech to a lot of country bankers, calling them down proper for being backward in coming across with subscriptions to Liberty bonds. I'm told the bankers didn't like that dressing down and "have it in for" Mr. Wade, and the first and easiest crack they will have at him will be to swat his choice for governor in the primaries. They'll carry a bunch of depositors and borrowers with them. Things look bad for Charlie Mayer, to the extent that he's getting considerable opposition with the kind of support he's got. But of course I must say that Wade and Jourdan can help him some in St. Louis with the politicians.

When Congressman Igoe announced he would not try for another term in the Eleventh District, some of us thought he might be "concentrating" for the governorship or even the senatorship nomination. Not a bad idea. Igoe is the best congressman St. Louis has had in thirty years. He is of superior intelligence and *ne plus ultra* character. But he's done. He is going to make a living now, as he could not while serving in Congress. He controls the party in his district and will nominate his law partner, Carroll, another able man. Too bad Igoe can't go higher. Why can't he? Well, that evangelical element that dominates the Anti-Saloon League doesn't want him. He is wet and the surviving "remains" of the old Know-Nothing movement has him and his kind marked. So the party loses the

service of one of its highest-class men, just when he would be most useful. It's not uninteresting, though, to know that proscription of the kind referred to operates so effectively in the Democratic party.

George Moore has been laid up with grip or something like that, so he hasn't been able to announce for the governorship, which he had said he would do after the Joplin convention. There are lots of fellows waiting for the word from the U. S. Revenue Collector at St. Louis. He's got a dandy bunch of deputies in his office—politicians all, and they can do wonders for him in the eastern part of the state. They would pull plenty of votes for him away from Frank Farris and thus destroy Frank's high "nuisance value" as the controller of two congressional districts. Moore is a Missouri University man and the alumni, scattered all over the state, would whoop things up for him. Indeed, if Moore doesn't get into the race there's not much chance of beating John M. Atkinson. Atkinson is dry as thirst and I'm told the ladies are strong for him, but someone should call off the guy, whoever he may be, who speaks of Atkinson as "Prince John." A candidate called "Prince John" would stand little chance against the unaffected, bulky, jovial presence of Moore. How is George, barometrically? He's like every candidate for office—for the enforcement of the Volstead law, and for its amendment if the people want it amended. What can a man say who wants to be an officer of the law, except that he's in favor of enforcing the law?

I'm puzzled, as I've said above, by the *Globe-Democrat*, but I'm utterly flabbergasted by the *Post-Dispatch*. The latter paper is prohibophiliac. It called on all Missouri candidates for office to declare themselves on prohibition, for or against. Only one man came out flat against it. That was Hawes. And did the *Post-Dispatch* help him, editorially? Not a single line. He was fighting the *Post-Dispatch* fight but the *Post-Dispatch* wouldn't fight his for the senatorial nomination. It was better disposed apparently to the prohibitionist, Hay, than to Hawes upon its own platform. Why? Because Hay was with the *Post-Dispatch* against Senator Reed for delegate-at-large. Hay put the skids under Reed. Will the P.-D. be for Hay for senator? It will not. It will be for—the P.-D. The P.-D. is an impersonal paper—except when some of the men who run it appeal personally to some one to do something for them as P.-D. men. Ask them to do something for you with the P.-D.—they don't exist: it's only the institution. Everybody's expected to do things for the *Post-Dispatch*, but it does nothing for anybody, except itself. Now, I'll say that's magnificent, of course, but it's damned inhuman.

A little girl of six at her first party became so homesick that she had to be sent home again when the fun was only beginning. But at the front door she turned back and went up to the hostess, a weeping, disconsolate figure of a child: "Please, I forgot to say that I've had a nice time and enjoyed myself very much."

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REEDY'S MIRROR**Letters from the People**

Introducing Mr. Dempsey

823 East End Ave., New York, May 6, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

The letter from a brewer advising his fellow-brewers not to spend any more money fighting prohibition, published in a recent issue of your paper, shows exactly why the drys succeeded in "putting over" the Eighteenth Amendment.

When the men who had thousands of millions at stake were willing to give millions to crooked politicians and cheap

grafters, but refused, except in a few rare instances, to pay for legitimate publicity in putting the truth about prohibition before the American people, through advertising, they were licked before they started to fight.

Fortunately for the cause behind the wets—a cause much greater than any question of drinking alcoholic beverages—not all of the brewers were of the kind self-described in the letter referred to. There happened to be in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, a brewer named George C. Dempsey, who comes of a fighting race that hasn't a streak

of yellow in its composition. He fore-saw the inevitable success of the dry fanatics, if they were not fought on the same lines as those on which they were carrying on their propaganda, and warned his associates against the stupidity and futility of their incompetent and bungling efforts to win by the favor of bribed political crooks.

As his counsels were not listened to, Mr. Dempsey determined to manage the wet campaign in Rhode Island in his own way, and the result was that "Little Rhody" not only refused to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment, but also in-

structed her Attorney General to bring suit in the Supreme Court of the United States to have that amendment set aside and declared invalid, as being in direct conflict with provisions of the existing Constitution of the United States, that it does not specifically repeal. Mr. Dempsey has devoted practically all of his time for two years to managing the Rhode Island fight, and has given liberally to movements intended to aid in securing a straight-out decision that will not, as have so many decisions of the Supreme Court in liquor cases in the past, dodge or evade the great fundamental issues involved.

What the Supreme Court may decide, no man knows. But if it holds the amendment invalid, the result will be due more to Mr. Dempsey than any other man or men in the United States.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM

♦♦

Mr. Chubb's Second Choice

May 4, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

On a former occasion I addressed to you a letter on the subject of nominating Honorable William Jennings Bryan for the presidency, characterizing him as the Christian Statesman. From that position I do not recede.

But human affairs are uncertain; and in the event that a second choice should be acquiesced in, whom shall it be? I think Leonard Wood is the man. He is a Christian, too, but he is also a military man. And in the event that Labor would become unruly, or the I. W. W. movement spread into rebellion against law and order, General Wood would quickly impose a heavy hand.

Christianity and Order—these are the two issues of the hour! The Inter-Church Movement, on the one hand, and military preparedness on the other, should receive the support of all patriotic and God-fearing people.

ELMER CHUBB, LL.D., PH.D.

♦♦

Righteous Wrath

(Telegram)

Green Bay, Wisc., May 10, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Trust your inborn carnality will not prompt you to view otherwise than with intense reprobation the noisome social experiment of Miss Fannie Hurst, and her husband so-called, in breaking down the boundaries which separate holy matrimony from the fugitive and episodic matings of the beasts that perish. I warn you in the words of Colossians, III, 5, 6.

ELMER CHUBB, LL.D., Ph.D.

♦♦

Grief for Chubb

New York City, May 6, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Please ask Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D., what he thinks of a jury who would find Theophile Gautier's "Mlle. de Maupin" neither indecent nor immoral.

Here is the item about it, from the New York Tribune of the 6th inst.:

"Unshocked, and unconvinced of the indecency of Gautier's 'Mlle. de Maupin,' a jury in the Supreme Court yesterday gave Raymond D. Halsey, a book seller, a \$2,500 verdict against the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. The jurymen rendered their ver-

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dict after reading the 500 pages of the French classic (translated into English). Halsey sued for \$5,000 because the society had him arrested in 1917 for selling the alleged naughty book. He was acquitted and the book seller charged that he was falsely arrested and accused."

What joy remains to the book-slumming committee of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, when the society must pay \$2,500 to an outraged book seller for having arrested him with the Gautier goods on his shelves?

NEWTON A. FUSSLE

♦♦

The Chubb Boom Grows

Cut Bank, Montana, May 4, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

As a resident of a polished, and, as some may say, an ultra-puritanical section of the United States, permit me, kind sir, to enter my emphatic protest against the cynical and carping criticisms directed at that good man and pure, Mr. Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D.

Mr. Chubb's insistence on what some are pleased to term "the old moralities" is to be commended and encouraged. He is right when he avers that the masters of our railways and other great business enterprises are in the seats of the mighty by divine grace and sanction; and that it is mere impertinence for the "greasy-coated mob" to question this right.

I am heartily and enthusiastically in accord with Mr. Chubb's proposal that only a celibate be elected president, and if the good and wise man of Fond du Lac can qualify in this respect, I nominate him for President of the United States and will do all within my power to bring about his election.

DANIEL WHETSTONE

♦♦

And Still they Come

Washington, May 5, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I can't see why anyone should overlook the obvious. There's nothing mysterious to me about Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D. He is Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee.

OUIJA

♦♦

Chubb in Song

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

This is Sonnet the First, of fifty-seven inspired by Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D., or any other letters:

Oft have I wandered in the days of yore
Lit-up like old Diogenes the Greek,
Seeking that wight who turns the other
cheek,

But, like Poe's raven, found him never-
more.

Ah joy! My wandering search at last
is o'er,

My beau ideal is no more to seek.
In REEDY's mirrored columns week by

week,
I find him spouting reams of moral lore.
Then let me tune my passion and my
pain

In humble words sung to the simple lyre!
Surely no vampire lure, no siren strain
Shall ever serve to wake St. Elmer's fire!
Oh chubby paragon of manly virtue,
I'd tell my love, but tremble lest I hurt
you!

The ot'er fifty-six sonnets will be just
as good as this!

ANNIE POORE FISH, K.M., I.W.W.

Books of the Day

By Lilian Cassels

Derek Blount, younger son of the *Lord of Avonleigh*, wanted to get inside the skin of the low-class Briton, so, by watching the wheels go round, he might get a clue to his own duties toward this fretful but different brother. *Derek* couldn't bring himself to work for a living in any part of the British Isles, and work he must. He resolved to knock about in earnest, so "there might yet be some chance of restoring the natural alliance between peasant and landowner."

This is why *Derek* took ship for distant parts. He spent a season carting, loading, harvesting, and odd-jobbing through Australian farm lands, and he learned about peasants from this. He plunged into the weird, silent, uninhabited bushland of Australia, cutting sandalwood as he crossed many miles of antipodal loneliness; and he learned about peasants from this. He went to Jamestown, got drunk, and wallowed in iniquity; and he learned about peasants from this. He slipped across the Pacific into British Columbia, penetrated forests primeval to that realm "where rolls the Oregon and heeds no sound save its own dashing"—chopped down giant Douglass firs, amidst grandeur which served principally to make him homesick for England because it's so different; and he learned about peasants from this. He married, out of pity because she was going to die, *Lois*, a pretty stray child; and he learned about peasants from this.

At least, this is the way Maud Diver, charming chronicler of the doings of lords and ladies, tells us, in "The Strong Hours," *Derek Blount* (Philo Gubb'd into a totally different personality by the elimination of one little letter from his name, thus: "*Derek Blunt*") prepared himself to deal understandingly with the problems of class in England. After two years of this absent treatment, he decided he was fit to take up the duties of an aristocrat. The war, too, gave him excuse to end his quixotic exile. *Lois* had succumbed to the white death; and altogether he was ready to return to England. And then the story begins.

This story, lively and entertaining, unfolds through character pictures, beautifully colored, of *Derek's* older brother, *Van*, selfish, lazy, none too honorable; of his mother, the logical explanation of *Van*; of his father, fine, but remote as the elusive workingman *Derek* found so difficult of understanding; of *Gabrielle*, half-English, half-French, wholly delightful; and of a certain Machiavellian old "Cherman," who held the corner of England ostensibly controlled by the *Avonleighs*, in the hollow of his fat, rascally hand. The spirit of this phase of Mrs. Diver's story carries back to the patriotic fervor (not confined entirely to England) which smelled a spy in every stolid nursemaid, sedition in every turnverein, secret and unholy wireless stations atop every lonely windmill.

Fortunately, there is so much enjoyable reading in the love story which is the *raison d'être* of "The Strong Hours" that much of its straining for mountains and achieving molehills may be taken tolerantly. Mrs. Diver is no prophet, no Maid of Orleans inspiring her endan-

gered countrymen to overcome enemies within and without; though unquestionably her spirit is willing. But as a painter of introspective pictures she excels. As a woman's book—one portraying the delicate nuances of sentiment and emotion in its characters, particularly its feminine characters—it is beautifully, even brilliantly written. *Derek* is a lovable chap, though American readers would like him better if he had just happened to lose his temper once or twice and pummeled some of the sneakiness out of his brother *Van*. However, Mrs. Diver provides *Van* with a good long rope—and so—. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

♦

John Cournos has made himself showman-extraordinary to the materials from which those three gray ladies residing in Demogorgan weave their futurist designs. He must have slipped into their abyss some time when they were too busy to put him out; he has stolen great handfuls of their thread, run off with samples from their color-pots, even copied in faint tracings some of the old lines of their secret patterns. Coming back with his plunder, and without messing it about with middlesome fingers, he spreads it quite simply across the pages of his book, "The Mask," leaving readers to make from the cryptic set of exhibits whatever they will. Miniature-like pictures, each delicately formed and colored, grow into being from the apparently haphazard display; these pictures are seen to be impressions on the soul of a Jewish boy, who spent his babyhood in a Russian wood, and came with a large family of brothers and sisters to live, sell papers, and learn amazing lessons, in cosmopolitan America. Imaginative, mystic, patient, determined, John Gomborav weaves these impressions into a character which is suggested throughout the book, yet which never appears in outline. There is scarcely a story; the plot, if any, is hazy; the intent is covered. But there is a powerful underlying motive in "The Mask," telling in forceful wordlessness how much of beauty and idealism, and of stubborn determination to win to a definite goal, may be given the national character through such infusions of blood as that indicated.

Turgenev's delicacy of picturization is suggested by paragraphs here and there. "One day Spring appeared, with as yet a shy smile. And Winter, his heart softened, relaxed his hard, white bearded face, down which ran large, warm, spreading tears, and his eyes grown younger laughed through them at the sight of the soothing sun."

"It is hard to tell where, and how, but a thought came to the boy. Not so much a thought as a fancy, a little white bird let loose suddenly from one of the many cages of memory."

"That was one thing he learned about Americans; they wanted you to smile, whether you wanted to or not. It always hurt him to smile when he did not feel like smiling. It was as if he wore one of those Hallowe'en masks, one with a steady, fixed grin, while underneath the flimsy, unpleasantly odorous cardboard he felt hot and uncomfortable, sad to the point of tears. And even now at the thought of having to smile he wanted to cry. A cry struggled on its

way from the heart to the throat, then lingered away somewhere between the throat and the eyes; sorry for so frail a smile, as it were, it reconsidered and retreated back to the heart."

And, though there is little of a critical nature in "The Mask," that little is potent; as when John Gomborav asks: "How can a child be understood in our Puritanical civilization, composed chiefly of ascetics, nay-sayers, self-deniers, voluptuaries of the spirit, vegetarians, Savonarolans, Christian Scientists, non-conformists, raucous-voiced hymn-singers, flesh-despisers, self-sacrificers, other sacrificers, prohibitionists, joy-haters, sun-haters, live-mummy lovers, sleep-aloners, bread-and-water repasters, obsessionists, abnegators, virgin-worshippers, eye-shutters?" "The Mask" is a book to turn to in relief from the fake "Americanization" movement. It is a fierce indictment of our barbarity to finer tempered alien. (George H. Doran Co.)

♦

The writing of best-sellers, said James Branch Cabell, "by ordinary folks a harmless and very often a philanthropic

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Fair Frocks for Summer Days *Present Themselves—a Bevy of Beauty*

What better companion for a summer day than a frock of white Swiss, pink dotted, soft with lace and crisp with organdy? Nothing, of course, unless it be a white and pink organdy combination, bouffant and embroidered—but then one must consider hemstitched voiles, those quaint chintz affairs, and embroidered net, to say nothing of clever crepe de Jour conceits and the almost fairy-like fluffs of white, generously lace trimmed! Really, a careful person is forced to grow very democratic in the matter of summer frocks and take for her own not one, but many.

ABOVE LEFT

To tell one where it is pink and where it is white were difficult indeed; really in many places the two intermingle. But one might venture that a foundation of white organdy verges into embroidered bands wherein pink is found, and from thence finishes its career in an expanse of pink crispness. It is priced at \$55.00.

You'll find here all these and many more for both women and misses with prices ranging from \$10.95 to \$150

ABOVE CENTER

A frock of white Swiss silk, dotted in rose pink, tops its plain little skirt and plain little bodice with a tie-back over-waist of plain rose organdy. All about it and the rose cuffs and the long fluttering sash ends run the loops of rose picots. The frock is priced at \$25.00.

You'll find here all these and many more for both women and misses with prices ranging (Third Floor.)

ABOVE RIGHT

Square mesh lace with heavy, woven design has for its foundation flesh chiffon, for its softly folded sash creme de menthe corded ribbon. Tiny chiffon roses wreath the front of the décolletage and touch the folds of the sash. Bouffant it is with the aid of feather boning at the hips. Price, \$135.00.

performance, is, in the case of Booth Tarkington, a misappropriation of funds." Borrowing gracefully from Stevenson, who said the fairies were tipsy at Kipling's christening, Mr. Cabell declared that at Mr. Tarkington's they must have been in the last stage of maudlin generosity. From one possessing such witchery of delicate, scholarly fancy as that with which Mr. Cabell illuminates his pages, praise such as this speaks in no faint voice. And when a couple of years ago Mr. Cabell deplored the fervor of Tarkington's best-selleristic ambition, he summed up his criticism thus: "It all comes back to saying that, out of forty-nine years of living, Mr. Tarkington has thus far given us only 'Seventeen.' 'Ramsey Millholland,' far from being the equal of the charming picture of boyhood given in 'Seventeen,' shows strong traces of the avidity with which Mr. Tarkington is prone to manhandle his genius. His understanding of the idiosyncrasies of boyhood, his quaint oddity of expression, all his maudlin-fairy gifts, show through these hurried pages—and, perhaps, to the hop-skip-jump, average American reader, the charm of the story is sufficient. But one cannot help wishing, with Mr. Cabell, that the indefatigable Booth would take care of his pennies. His dollars take care of themselves. (Doubleday Page & Co.)

"We are what we have been made by our preachers and politicians, and thus we remain. Among ourselves our repute is ill. Our villages and countryside are populated with the children of cousins who have married cousins and of women who have played the harlot with their brothers; and no one loves his neighbor. Abroad we are distrusted and disdained. This is said of us: 'A Welshman's bond is as worthless as his word.' We traffic in prayers and hymns, and in the name of Jesus Christ, and we display a spurious heart upon our breast. Our politicians, crafty pupils of the preachers and now their masters, weep and moan in the public places as if they were women in childbirth; in their souls they are lustful and cruel and greedy. They have made themselves the slaves of the wicked, and like asses their eyes are lifted no higher than the golden carrot which is their reward from the wicked. Not of one of us can it be said 'he is a great man,' or 'he is a good man,' or 'he is an honest man.' Maybe the living God will consider our want of knowledge and act mercifully toward us?" It is thus that Caradoc Evans, prefacing his sketches, "My Neighbors," pardons himself for having written the ghastly stories which follow.

One time an uncle or something, tracing roots for my edification, related to me that a certain very distant grandmother of ours had happened to be Welsh. I had almost forgotten it until this book of Mr. Evans' fell into my hands. Now, like a searchlight playing into a cellar, I can look back through a lifetime of self-disappointments and find excuse for all of them. I am ashamed of every drop of Welsh blood that has been strained down through Irish and Scotch and English forbears, and I apologize to all the good clean Indians whom my grandfathers and their grandfathers elbowed off'n this sweet American soil. They were, if Mr. Evans' char-

STIX, BAER & FULLER
GRAND-LEADER

acterization is even faintly true, far more worthy of the heritage than members of a family so foully tainted. I shall look askance at all the Lloyds and Owens and Llewellyns I meet in the future; and if any of them dare come a-wooing in my family preserves, I will shoot them on sight.

If the loathly, lecherous, leering, lascivious evil Mr. Evans has attributed to the National Welsh character is not entirely deserved, Mr. Evans ought to be ashamed of his own degraded imagination. If it is true, God ought to be ashamed of his conduct at Sodom and Gomorrah. And in any event, Mr. Evans' publishers (Harcourt, Brace & Howe) certainly should offer excuses to Edgar Lee Masters for that they suggest, in their eulogy of "My Neighbors," that Mr. Evans' character sketches have "more of a kindly outlook on human life" than have those in "Spoon River Anthology," which has been variously insulted, but never before so grossly as this.

♦

The Prime Fool, presupposed by the title of the book, "Where Angels Fear to Tread," is rather difficult to sort out from other characters in this story of English high life. Is it *Harriet*, who stole and afterward killed the innocent baby cause of the serio-tragedy of haughty pride of birth and of marriage beneath one's alleged level—or is it *Caroline Abbott*, who first bulldozed the English family into deciding to take the baby away from the Italian peasant father and bring it up in the way in which the child of its daughter-in-law English mother should naturally go—or is it the snobbish old mother-in-law, who was quite content to let sleeping babies lie until *Caroline* harried her into demanding it lest *Caroline* herself disgrace the family by adopting the poor child—or is it *Philip*, eminently correct and vapid brother-in-law, who always offered his bribes and his love a bit too late for them to be effectual?

There appear to have been varying degrees of foolishness affecting these characters. Of them all, the only truly charming one was the beautiful bronze baby, whom its father adored, and painstakingly washed after the death of its mother. And this baby lived his pathetic short life just long enough to be instrumental in showing a few of the "Fools" the measure of their own ineffectual folly.

There is much of veiled satire on the superiority of the English of a certain class in this story of E. M. Forster's. Its author does not take the superiority seriously; but he pictures its absurdities most entertaining, and the story is unusual in treatment. Forster is quite approved as a novelist by the discriminating in the nuances of literature. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

♦♦♦

The depreciation of our currency today is nothing to be compared with the slump in Confederate paper money after the Civil War. General Mulholland relates that shortly after Lee's surrender he heard two Confederate soldiers bargaining over a very ordinary-looking horse. "He'll do for my farm, Jim," said one. "I'll give you \$20,000 for him." "No," said the other. "Give you \$50,000." "No." "Give you \$100,000." "Not much!" replied the owner. "I just paid \$120,000 to have him shod."

The Home Artistic

Decoration—referring particularly to Interior Decoration—is both an art and a science; it is the result of long centuries of earnest thought and high craftsmanship based upon unalterable principles of beauty and of use. It cannot be undertaken in a haphazard manner if creditable results are to be achieved. It requires thought, judgment, calm planning, sanity. To follow the fad of the moment will prove generally disastrous. Therefore, no matter how lavish the expenditure, knowledge must come first, ahead even of "feeling" or "taste."

Thus speak in "The Practical Book of Interior Decoration" (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), three eminent interior decorators, Harold Donaldson Eberlein, Abbot McClure and Edward Stratton Holloway, and it is to make easily accessible such knowledge that they have prepared this compendium of general information on the subject. It is a handsome volume of four hundred fifty pages, with seven plates in color and more than two hundred doubletones. In fact, for the nonprofessional decorator the information is almost too profuse, the details being so minute as to tend

to confuse any but the analytical studious mind. Yet anyone who has a genuine pride in maintaining a beautiful home, regardless of whether the investment be great or small, will find the book a fascinating study.

In order to form a correct taste in house furnishing it is necessary to know something of the history of interior decoration, since obviously observation alone will fail of this purpose if one's environment chance to be among those whose homes are decorated in poor taste. For this reason the authors divide their book into three sections: historic period decoration in Italy, England, Spain and France, practical decoration and furnishing, and international-inter period decoration and furnishing, endeavoring throughout to stimulate intelligent cooperation between home builder and professional decorator, and to afford a sound basis of discriminating criticism and judgment. The first section is particularly interesting as it tells the derivation of a certain style of furniture—the manufacturer and the custom of the period—and illustrates the best manner of using it. The third section elaborates this and tells how to combine different periods.

The second section teaches the practical application of this knowledge. It begins with the foundation of successful interior decoration, the treatment of the floor and walls, and proceeds to the proper treatment of windows. The color scheme comes next and to aid in this charts are provided. The home maker who has prided herself on her perfect blue and white room, let us say, will learn with something akin to shock that to make it quite restful and complete it should have a touch of rose. Suggestions are offered as to textiles to be employed. There is also a description of the furniture proper, where and how to buy it, its placement, the small articles such as mirrors, lamps, etc., artificial lighting, mantel decorations, the selection, framing and hanging of pictures. In fact, no item is overlooked. The instructions in each case are detailed and illustrated. The illustrations show what not to have as well as what to have. Monotony is avoided. Harmony and quiet elegance are achieved. It is a matter of regret that not everyone may read the paragraph on floor coverings condemning the arrangement of small rugs at angles which destroy all sense of repose—rugs should always

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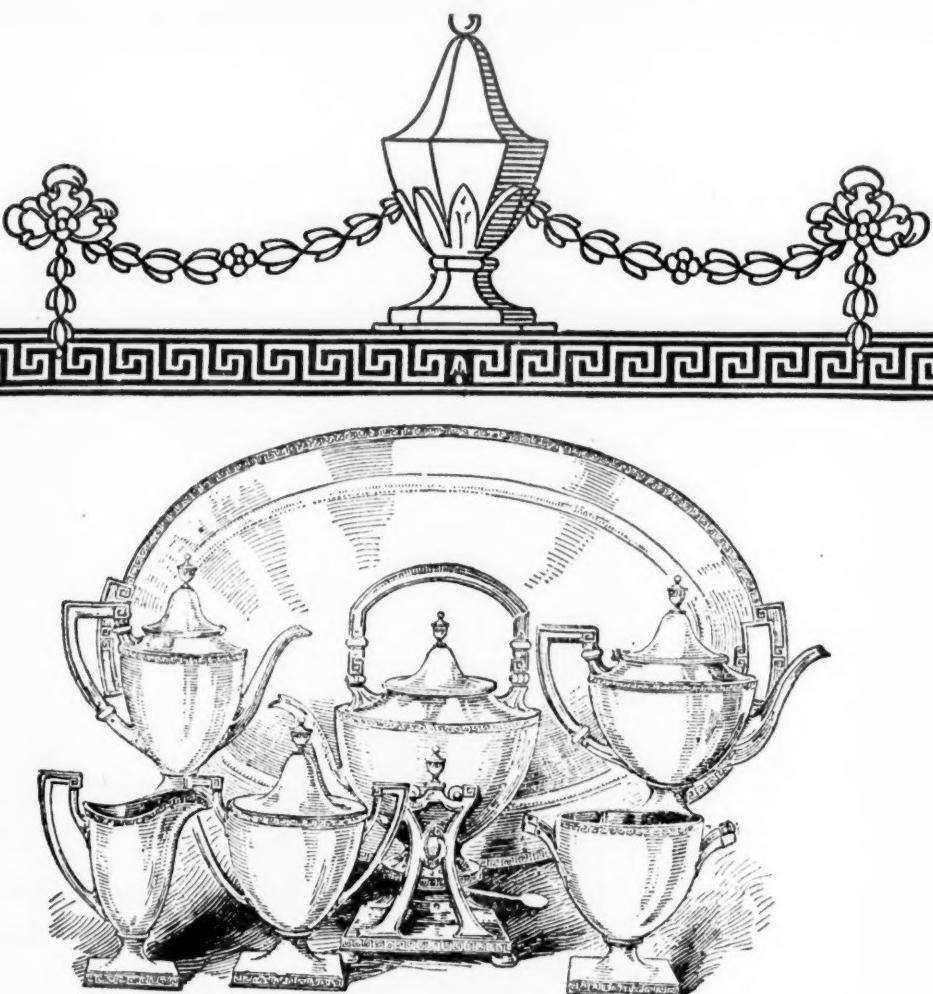
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be laid parallel to the walls of a room, and are recommended to be considerably smaller in proportion to the size of the room than are commonly in use in this country. The chapter on purchasing implores the seeker after beauty to eschew the hackneyed and always to have the furniture and furnishings suited to the style and use of the room.

To repeat, it is a book for study. While a casual dip into it now and then will result profitably, to the earnest student it will prove a mine of information and of aesthetic satisfaction.

A Biddy's Progress

(Continued from page 387)

To be brief and to the point, however, one must talk in figures. All the world talks in figures; they seem to have been the shibboleth of the elect, and the rabble has learned the secret. My annual salaries (from the year "I") have been as follows:

YEAR	PAY	YEAR	PAY	YEAR	PAY
1895—\$245	1904—\$585	1912—College			
1896—280	1905—585	1913—Graduate work			
1898—360	1906—585	1914—\$ 950			
1899—405	1907—585	1915—1100			
1900—540	1908—585	1916—1200			
1901—540	1909—720	1917—1200			
1902—540	1910—765	1918—1300			
1903—585	1911—College	1919—1500			

In the meantime the purchasing power of the dollar has sunk to about thirty-five cents, and I am back at the fatal \$585. That means a monthly salary of \$48 has been my mean earning capacity. To attain these heights I have taken about four state examinations, all of which required reviews. I spent most of my summers in study, borrowed money to go to college, and then mortgaged the earnings of the next four years to pay the cost. The members of my family who did not burn the midnight oil in pursuit of learning are earning more today than I am, and have had seven years' start to their credit.

After twenty-four years of toil, of economizing, of making my own clothes and doing my own laundry, whenever possible, I have just three hundred dollars between myself and the Old Ladies' Home. For the last eight years I have attended good plays, chiefly by proxy, and when I did go myself, it was to wait an hour on the stairway, until the gallery doors opened, because if I went the way of the respectables, my hard-earned margin, saved by self-laundering and sewing, would disappear. I have spent about \$400 in doctor's and dentist's fees, and increasing years will not lessen that tax. I feel that I cannot afford more than one good magazine a year. Last year I actually had to borrow money to keep me for the month previous to the reopening of school. As for clothes, I have never had a coat that cost as much as sixty dollars, nor a dress that cost forty, nor a suit that cost over thirty-five.

After a teacher has given herself in service so long, she ought to see something ahead of her besides six feet of sod in the cemetery. No business man could be persuaded to continue to play such a losing game as that—a game that yields him neither house nor home, nor a decent margin for either pleasure or profit. What's the answer?

Mrs. Lionel Felker

(Continued from page 389)

Inside the shop a diamond-ringed young man was showing red ties to a girl wearing a large black hat topped with a plume, white fox furs, a green taffeta silk dress, high-heeled slippers and white spats. The girl turned from the counter to point out something in the window—and Mrs. Felker looked into the blue eyes of Rose Schnell.

When Mrs. Felker could think she found herself in the park, walking so fast that people looked at her curiously. Her knees began to tremble and she sat down on the nearest bench. She pressed her hands to her head. What was Rose Schnell doing dressed up in white fox furs, and why wasn't she at the store—it was way past noon—and for whom was she buying red ties? Mrs. Felker remembered bitterly Lionel's taste for red ties. And hadn't Mrs. Finnigan seen them together in front of the dancing academy?

In Mrs. Felker's mind there was only one explanation: Lionel couldn't wait until he got a divorce—he couldn't wait that long for Rose Schnell. And Rose Schnell—she was a low-down little thing!

Mrs. Felker buried her head in her arms on the back of the bench. She was overcome by her own unattractiveness; she was a thin ugly old thing, and of course Lionel got sick of her and turned to a girl like Rose Schnell. She wanted desperately all the things that make women desirable. She held out her hands, red from doing her own work, with the finger nails short and flecked with white spots. Her glasses fell to the ground. She looked down at them—her glasses whose thick lenses alone made it possible for her to see the music when she played.

The next morning Mrs. Felker left the boarding house before Mrs. Finnigan was down stairs and wandered aimlessly about the streets, more white-faced and red-eyed than ever. She stared bleakly before her, and before her was the mental vision of Mr. Felker and Rose Schnell—always together.

That night at The Utopia, after the class was dismissed, Mrs. Felker came down the steps carefully, like an old woman afraid to put one foot before the other. She was more tired than she had ever been in her life.

At the corner a man joined her. She looked up and saw Mr. Felker. She drew a quick breath as though someone from a window above had thrown cold water upon her. They walked a block in silence, Mr. Felker staring straight ahead and his wife stealing covert little glances at his profile. She didn't think why he was there or what he wanted—she was just happy because she could have put out her hand and touched him.

People passing on the sidewalk jostled them, the noises of the street were in their ears, but if they had been the only two people in the world, they could not have been more alone, nor could they have walked in a greater silence.

At the corner where Mrs. Felker turned to go to her boarding house, she hesitated. He touched her arm.

"Where are you going?"

"To—to my boarding house—to Mrs. Finnigan's."

"I want you to come home."

He walked on and she followed. She followed, and he led her down the familiar street to their house. He took out his latch key and opened the door. They went up the steps and into their room. Mr. Felker turned on the light and sank despondently into a chair; Mrs. Felker sat on the bed, which was still unmade, her eyes never leaving his face.

She walked over and touched him, as though to make sure that he was real. He looked up at her.

"She married the floor walker—she turned me down—she didn't care a damn for me."

Mrs. Felker said "Oh" very softly; then she took off her hat.

At the boarding house Mrs. Finnigan, not being able to sleep, waited to hear Mrs. Felker's key turn in the lock.

◆◆◆

Medical Care

The fashionable doctor threw a glance up the snow-covered road, and rubbed his hands gleefully. His trunk was packed, his professional attitude was laid aside, and his carriage was due. But the assistant who was to act as administering angel during his absence did not share his master's good spirits. To him Christmas loomed as a season of medicine, muddles, and mistakes. "I hope everything will go well while you're away, sir," he said, nervously. "Sure to—sure to," replied the great doctor, seizing his coat as the carriage drew up. "I've—I've had such little experience," stammered the young man desperately. "Nonsense! You don't need experience with fashionable patients," exclaimed he who knew their ways, grabbing his hat.

"They're as simple as A B C. Find out what they've been eating and stop it. See what they've been doing, and tell them not to. And ask 'em where they're going for the holidays—and send 'em somewhere else."

◆◆◆

A woman whose husband, a soldier, was stationed abroad, went to register her new baby. After answering all the necessary questions, she put down five shillings. "There is no charge," said the registrar. "What," answered the mother, and after thinking, murmured: "Wait till he comes home. It has cost me five shillings every time he has registered our six children."

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"Say it with flowers"

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Marts and Money

Prices continue to move in uncertain, irregular fashion in the New York stock market. Noteworthy advances are denoted by the quotations of quite a number of leading industrial and railroad shares. Oil, steel, motor and food certificates are the most active features, but even they find it difficult to overcome the adverse influences of insistent liquidation on the rallies. The demand for them still is sustained by glib, enticing talk of stock and extra cash dividends. The *on-dit* of the Street has it that the special largesses will add many more points to valuations in the next few months. Unfortunately for the enthusiasts, the clique spires fail to draw the crowd with the wonted success. The speculating public feels jaded and is suspicious. The artificiality of upward surges is too manifest to fool cautious onlookers. The relapses are too quick and too extensive, and stocks of admitted high intrinsic values are too ostentatiously ignored. Trained observers cannot be hoodwinked by professional tricks. Confidence talk, calculatively inspired interviews, mysterious tips cannot inveigle them into disregarding the lessons of the past and sound principles of speculation and investment. They are mindful of the fact that quite a deal in the way of bonuses to stockholders has already been discounted. They know that the numerous pools are rigging the market with an eye single to liquidating at highest possible prices.

The money market, though showing some betterment, remains in a rather dubious condition. Optional loans are quoted at 8 to 10 per cent, and time money is pretty stiff at 7 to 8 per cent. Bankers are in a circumspect mood. They are not much inclined to tie up their loanable funds for fixed periods. The surplus reserves of the associated banks and trust companies indicate a shrinkage of over \$25,000,000, the record now being \$5,397,000. This despite a contraction of \$42,700,000 in the loan item. The belief that the Eastern financial institutions are assisting those in the interior appears well founded. In the West the call for funds is unusually strong and persistent. This much can be inferred from the expansion of \$87,982,000 in the totals of loans and discounts of national and state banks in Chicago since February 28. On May 4, the record there was \$1,544,421,721—a new absolute maximum. Prevalent prosperity, gold exports, high cost of labor and living, together with the commencement of the agricultural season and the irrepressible predilection for speculation prove a serious strain upon credit in every part of the nation. That in the face of this Wall Street values should be as resilient as they still are, after a rise extending over three months, appears anomalous, all the more so because the banks are required to absorb hundreds of millions of dollars of Government and private loans right along.

The state of affairs is further complicated by uneasiness with reference to deflation in prices of commodities, for which, it may be surmised, many cor-

porations are not as well prepared as they should be at this time. Some prominent observers believe that unpleasant declines are not probable. They even look for still higher prices, with occasional reactions, of course. They insist that increased freight rates, the defiant, obstreperous attitude of workers, the amazing lack of housing facilities, and the startlingly crippled productive power of Europe will set at naught all measures designed to bring about such a state of deflation as the growing pressure on credit imperatively demands. This idea, while interesting, is not in accord with germane precedents. Economic annals teach us that every great war has been followed by falling commodity prices. There were more than five years of grinding depression after the close of the Napoleonic period. Deflation also followed our two struggles with Great Britain and the Civil War. The elastic carefully organized financial systems of the present day may defer, but cannot prevent the ultimate reckoning. It is incumbent upon all the great nations to reduce their enormous amounts of paper currency in systematic manner; but that is impossible of accomplishment as long as values of commodities and the cost of living remain as altitudinous as they are at present.

Compared with the records of a week ago, the prices of desirable railroad stocks indicate gains of one to three points, in consequence of the rising hope that the Interstate Commerce Commission will grant a substantial part of the increase in freight rates the railroad companies have asked for. Additional enhancement would be justifiable, but may be delayed by the strained condition of the money market and the growing caution among would-be purchasers as to the general market. That shares and bonds of this class should have been so long discriminated against appears paradoxical. Their quotations yet are more or less materially under intrinsic values, as these are witnessed to by past records of earnings and dividend rates. Since railroad securities constitute a very important part of the assets of banks, trust and insurance companies and private estates, and are held by hundreds of thousands of ordinary investors, further advances in their values looms as a forthcoming desideratum. It would surely relieve the credit pinch in a very decided degree. One finds it hard to understand that the financial magnates of the East do not lend vigorous support to attempts at lifting prices of good railroad shares and bonds five to ten points further. They have always considered issues of this kind as excellent collateral.

The Department of Agriculture estimates the winter wheat crop at 484,647,000 bushels. This implies an increase of 1,030,000 bushels over the April 1 estimate. Last year's harvest was above 800,000,000 bushels. Should Northwestern farmers succeed in harvesting 350,000,000 bushels—which would be about normal—the 1920 total would be approximately 830,000,000. A result such as this would be satisfactory. It would enable us to meet Europe's demands without particular difficulty. The world's food supplies are distressingly insufficient at this time. Failure of wheat harvests would therefore be a terrible

calamity and make the cost of living still more onerous.

Finance in St. Louis.

On the Fourth Street Exchange business has fallen off to a marked extent. Professional opinion is that the market has entered a period of quiet and irregular fluctuations. Trading is mostly confined to such stocks as Wagner Electric, National Candy, and Hydraulic Pressed Brick common and preferred. Brokers are satisfied with the state of things. A more or less prolonged lull, they say, would be beneficial all around and smooth efforts to remedy the financial stringency now manifest all over the country.

Local Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
United States Bank.....	190	
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	137	140
Northwestern Savings.....	340	
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	284	
Title Guaranty Trust.....	78	
United Railways 4s.....	44	45
K. C. Home Tel. 5s (500).....	89	
Certain-teed com.....	49	50
Indiana Refg.....	7 3/4	7 1/2
Carleton D. G. pfd.....	99	
Temtor A.....	42 1/2	
do B.....	40	
Brockton Heel pfd.....	90	
Ely & Walker com.....	200	
Brown Shoe com.....	110 1/2	
do pfd.....	96	
do pfd.....	46	
Best-Clymer pfd.....	97	
Consolidated Coal.....	65	
Granite-Bimetallic.....	40c	
American Bakery com.....	30	
Cities Service com.....	349	355
do pfd.....	67 1/2	68
Maryland Refg.....	4 1/2	4 1/2
National Candy com.....	125 1/4	125 1/2
Wagner Electric.....	118	119

Answers to Inquiries.

IN DOUBT, St. Louis.—Prior to the war, the bonds of the principal German cities were regarded as high-grade investments. They were just as highly esteemed as similar bonds issued in the U. S. Owing to the severe decline in the German mark, they are purchasable at prices which are taken advantage of by thousands of monied people who are unafraid of the risks involved. The bonds have advanced from a half cent to nearly two cents in the past four weeks. Germany's foreign trade is growing and will doubtless cause further improvement in German mark exchange. However, if you are looking for an investment, you should give preference to home securities.

SUBSCRIBER, Keokuk, Ia.—Don't invest your savings in Elk Basin, now selling at 8 1/2. The stock is merely a speculation, and you should buy it as such, realizing the inherent risk. The top price in 1919 was 11 1/2. There are hints of an advance in the dividend rate, owing to absorption of the company by the Mutual Oil Co., also operating in Wyoming.

D. R. O'B., Alton, Ill.—American Beet Sugar common, quoted at 94, is a speculative investment of unquestionable merits. Under existing conditions in the sugar industry, the company should not find it difficult to maintain the \$8 yearly dividend, which has been paid for several years. The stock is drifting into the hands of real investors, who anticipate much higher prices for it than have so far been recorded. Should you decide to buy, await a drop to about 85.



Fatty's Fate

Brown, who weighs 320 pounds, had at last succeeded in getting a house. Unfortunately the house was not built to meet such an emergency as Brown, for the whole place shook with his tread as he walked about. When he climbed into bed that piece of furniture gave a groan of despair and collapsed onto the floor. His son, in an adjoining room, rushed to the door of his father's bedroom. "What's happened, dad," he said; "can I help you?" "It's all right," came the cheerful reply, "only if you don't find me here in the morning, look in the cellar."



Coming Shows

"Alma Mater," the centennial pageant of the St. Louis University written by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., will be staged at the Odeon on May 20, 21 and 22, with a matinee on the latter date. Its magnitude can be imagined from the following figures: There are to be twelve scenes in which three hundred people participate. There are to be eighty principals, and a hundred fifty singers. Also there are twelve dancing choruses, drilled by the highest exponents of the art in this city. The entertainment in itself will be well worth the modest admission charged and the patron will have the added satisfaction of spending his money for a good civic and educational cause. The event inaugurates the activities of the university alumni in the raising of the \$3,000,000 endowment for this venerable and still vividly vital institution.



Music lovers of St. Louis are to have another opportunity to hear grand opera this season, as the Scotti Grand Opera Company will appear at the Odeon on Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 24 and 25. On the first evening the opera will be "Tosca;" on the second "L'Oracolo" and "Pagliacci." Antonio Scotti is general director and premier baritone of the organization, the other members being selected from the Metropolitan Opera company. Seats will be sold at popular prices.



Valeska Suratt—more daring than ever she was in "The Purple Poppy"—will lead the Orpheum bill next week, in Jack Lait's latest success of the underworld, "Scarlet." The Suratt is cast in the role of a cabaret singer who strives for and deserves to reach a higher plane of life. Irving Fisher, singing juvenile, is another star near the top. Other acts are Ruth Roye, comedienne of syncopation; Phil Baker, humorous accordionist; "The Seven Honey Boys at Home"—late associates of "Honey Boy" Evans; Dippy Diers, Hippodrome clown, and Flo Bennet, dainty dancer; Nate Leipzig, card expert and prestidigitator; Pat and Julia Lavelo on the wire; Kinograms and Topics of the Day.



Forest Park Highlands, the big place on the hill, began its twenty-sixth consecutive season last Sunday with a record attendance in point of numbers and receipts. For the coming week, beginning with Sunday, the sixteenth, there will be an unusually attractive program of vaudeville novelties in the theatre, new dance music in the dancing pavilion and three new programs for the band concerts daily. The public school picnic system will also open in full swing, all dates being filled until Friday, June 2. Private picnics can be arranged.



"The Honeymoon," Hoffman's farcical playlet, which is of especial interest to the young, both married and unmarried, is delighting audiences at the Grand Opera House this week. Another interesting act is the Honorable Dave Manley discoursing wisely on national and international political questions of the moment. Other entertaining features are Fields and Wells, comic singers; a jolly skit called "Rhyme and Reason;" also "College Campus Capers;" Thelma, the versatile lady; Equillo Brothers, equilibrists; Corradini's animals; Frank and Eddie Monroe, the "bouncing babies;" and several pictures.



The Steeds Syncopated Septette, an excellent musical aggregation, leads an exceptionally good bill at the Columbia. The Three White Kuehns put on another fine musical number. Shepps' Circus affords an exhibition of dogs and monkeys performing difficult feats. "Hashednutology" is the title of a diverting act provided by Stein and Jackson, and Haddon and Norman have an entertaining oddity. Olive Thomas is seen in one of her best films as "The Flapper."



"Then you don't want her advertised as a diva?" "Make it a coloratura soprano, and let it go at that. The last time I advertised a diva I had to refund considerable money to people who were expecting an aquatic exhibition."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



Wastrel Sandy

Sandy had been staying with some friends for about a month, and while he and his host were out for a walk one day they called at a wayside inn for a drink. As his host was about to pay for it Sandy stopped him. "Na, na," he said. "I'll not allow it. Ye've been keeping me in everything at yer hoose for a month, and ye've treated me to the theatres and cab fares and paid for all the drinks. I tell ye, I'll ha na mair of it; we'll toss for ane."

REEDY'S MIRROR

Little daughter was certainly glad to have her father back home after he had been in France for two years, working all the way from eight to twenty-four hours in a hospital, rendering valuable aid to the injured while hearing the hum of German "air cooties" overhead. Daddy noticed daughter giving him the once over several times. Finally she seemed to have resolved the thing in her own mind. She was worried because daddy did not have any medals pinned to his coat. "Daddy," she lisped, "why didn't you fight in a war where they had medals?"



Mr. Saphedde—Do you think men have descended from monkeys? Miss Causique—Not very far.—Manchester Guardian.



Ex-Private—So you want either Wood or Pershing for President? Ex-Corporal—I sure do. Us officers have gotta stick together.—Home Sector.



Mr. Murfee—Sure, an' what's the matter with the goat this mornin'? Mrs. Murfee—Sure, he eat up a pair of my old corsets. Mr. Murfee—Didn't I tell you that corsets were unhealthy?—Yonkers Statesman.



Little Jimmy went with his mother to visit an aunt in the country, and his mother was very worried as to how he would behave. But to her surprise he was angelic during the whole visit—always did as he was told and never misbehaved. As soon as he got home, however, he was his natural self again. "Oh, Jimmy," she said, "you were so good while you were away. Why do you start behaving badly now?" "What's home for?" asked Jimmy, in pained surprise.



Teacher—In what battle did General Wolfe, when hearing of victory, cry, "I die happy"? Johnny—I think it was his last battle.—Boston Transcript.



Prisoner—It is difficult to see how I can be a forger. Why, I can't sign my own name. Judge—You are not charged with signing your own name!—London Opinion.



Mrs. Newrich—Don't you think, William, now that we are getting into society, that we should have a coat of arms? Newrich—Certainly, my dear; I'll see my tailor about it tomorrow.—Boston Transcript.

Which Car Is Yours?

As you edge along in crowded city traffic how does your car compare with its momentary neighbors? Is it bright, glistening, new looking, or dull, shabby and worn—showing only too plainly a season or more of wear and tear?

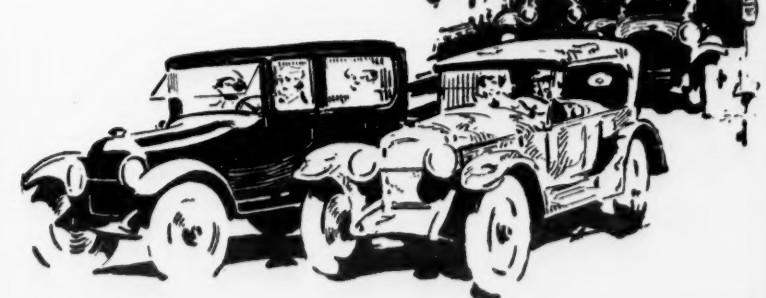
Right now get out of the "has been," "once was" class. A shabby car reflects personality, just as unpressed clothing or soiled linen denotes a lack of taste and refinement.

In our big shops, we so completely renew old-looking, weather-worn cars, through top recovering, painting, upholstering and seat covers that they again take on a spick-and-span appearance that renews the pride in ownership of earlier days.

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WEEK JUNE 8

FIREFLY

WEEK JUNE 15

ROBIN HOOD

WEEK JUNE 22

WALTZ DREAM

WEEK JUNE 29

MIKADO

WEEK JULY 6

MASCOTTE

WEEK JULY 13

GONDOLIERS

WEEK JULY 20

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2:15—Twice Every Day—8:15
Mats. 15c to 50c. Eves. 25c to \$1

The Four Mortons Henry Santrey
YATES & REED LONEY HASKELL
GORDON'S CIRCUS
OAKES & DELOUR MANG & SNYDER
FAY COURTNEY

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